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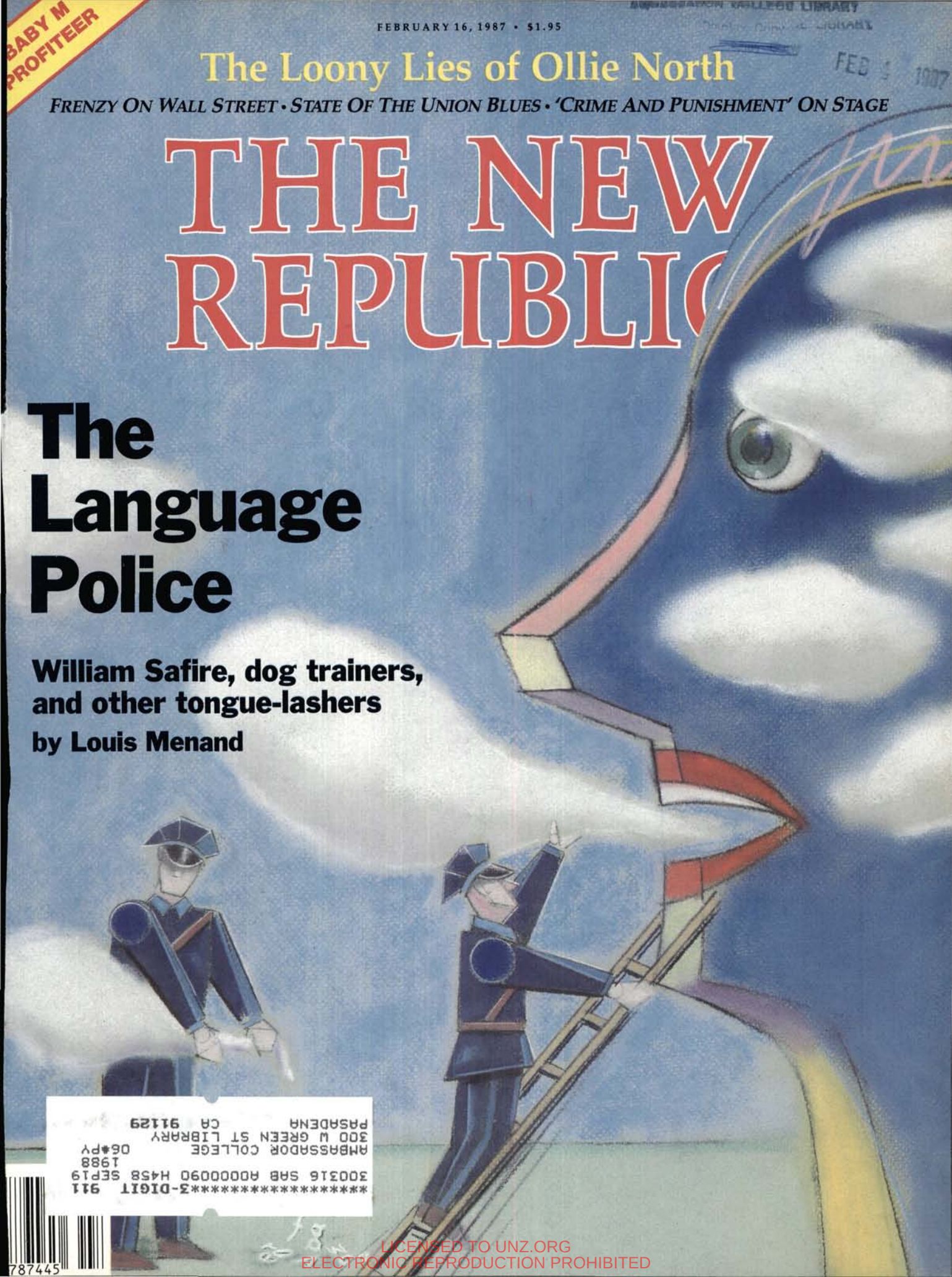
FEB 1987

THE NEW REPUBLIC



The Language Police

William Safire, dog trainers, and other tongue-lashers

by Louis Menand

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CORRESPONDENCE

MISCONCEPTIONS

To the editors:

In his January 19 cover story on low fertility in Western countries ("The Birth Dearth"), Tony Kaye misapprehends his subject and misrepresents our arguments. Because he assails us both singly and jointly, we respond in kind.

From Zinsmeister and Wattenberg: Kaye questions the seriousness of the Birth Dearth. No one knows what the future holds, but most demographers—and the argument has nothing to do with liberals or conservatives—think that low fertility and its effects will be lasting. In the October 1986 issue of *Science*, Charles Westoff, director of Princeton's Office of Population Research and research director for the 1972 Rockefeller commission that worried over what then seemed to be too *high* birthrates, wrote: "Demographic change moved much more rapidly than anyone on that commission ever expected. . . . Some governments are becoming nervous about impending, or already experienced, excess of deaths over births. . . . There seems to be little basis for assuming that the low level of fertility in the United States is a demographic aberration. . . . The conclusion that fertility appears destined to remain low seems inescapable."

The European Parliament (representing all European political parties) passed a resolution stating it was disturbed by the rapid decline in the total fertility rate in the European Economic Community and resolved: "Population trends in Europe will have a decisive effect on the development of Europe and will determine the significance of the role which Europe will play in the world. . . . Measures to combat this marked trend towards population decline . . . could usefully be taken at the community level."

Regarding Kaye's suggestion that "serious" demographers rarely project out as many years as we have (to 2155), he is simply wrong. That is *exactly* how far the standard World Bank projections extend. To be sure, a projection is not a prediction. It is simply a tool for judging possible futures. Kaye says we should use "high," "low," and "middle" scenarios. We used standard World Bank estimates of life expectancy, immigration, etc., then asked what might happen if the fertility rate in the West neither improved nor declined further. It is, in effect, a "middle" scenario. Now, if Western fertility goes up, the future for the West will be rosier than in our scenario. If it goes down somewhat further (as many experts believe), it will be worse. In this numerical sense, our argument holds water in two of the three possible scenarios—the two most likely ones. It should be noted: the title of our joint paper describes it as "A Speculation."

Kaye reveals a misunderstanding of one key aspect of the impact of demographic change. The *number* of people may be much less important than the *direction* of the trends. The direction in the Western world is down, which is a problem in itself. Moreover, the direction of the Soviet bloc is moderately up. The direction of the Third World is up substantially.

Finally, concerning the sly suggestion that we would force people into coercive solutions to low fertility: neither of us has the slightest taste for state-directed social pressure, as readers familiar with our various published works on this subject will see.

From Wattenberg: It is absolutely true that in 1974 I took a more sanguine view of low fertility rates in my book *The Real America*. I speculated that such rates wouldn't be an economic problem in the 1970s and 1980s and might, indeed, be a plus. Yet in that same passage I say in the 1990s the situation would change for the worse, mostly due to fewer household formations. And, as Kaye knows, that is precisely what I say now in my forthcoming book, *The Birth Dearth* (Pharos Books). Moreover, the international demographic situation has vastly changed since that time. Most significantly, Western European fertility rates have plummeted.

I am also outraged at Kaye's statement that the Birth Dearth position really represents an attack on libertarian social values such as contraception, abortion, working women, "cohabitation," and divorce. Kaye requested, and received, a draft copy of my book. It specifically and prominently states that I am vigorously opposed to any attempt to restrict legal abortion, contraception, divorce, the ability of women to pursue careers, or family planning, domestically or internationally.

For Kaye to compare some of my possible Soviet scenarios with Paul Ehrlich's bizarre global scenarios is simply ludicrous. Ehrlich's scenarios deal with nuclear wars, "killer smogs," cockroaches infesting the earth, and 500 million people dead from famine. I speculate about a growing Soviet-Moslem population and say it will mean very little in the future other than to strengthen the Soviets in terms of numbers, or that Russians will give Moslems some greater consideration in the affairs of the Soviet Union, or that it might lead to internal pressure that could lead to a breakup of the Soviet empire. This last scenario, the least likely possibility, could surely help the West, but could be dangerous if it involves civil strife in a nuclear superpower, something the world has never seen before.

Kaye is troubled because I ask questions and don't always give answers. Well, the Free World share of the global population was 25 percent after World War II. It is now about 15 percent. Because of built-in demographic momentum of babies already born, it is surely headed down to single digits, and may well go to the five percent to six percent range late in the next century unless we try to do something serious about it, and are successful. It is true that I don't fully know what those rates of ever-diminishing proportions of people in the Free World will really mean as history unfolds. But it doesn't look good, so we had better start trying to figure it out.

BEN WATTENBERG
American Enterprise Institute
KARL ZINSMEISTER
Washington, D.C.

TERMINAL SHORTAGE

To the editors:

TRB ("Info Gridlock," January 26) asks, "So why is the [Minitel] revolution coming to France before it comes to the United States?" The answer goes back much further (and deeper) than the breakup of AT&T.

France is the only country in the world in which videotex service has developed strongly. The reason is not difficult to find: France is also the only country in the world in which the telephone company (owned by the government) has given videotex terminals to telephone subscribers. And France started to do this years before the breakup of AT&T.

Videotex development faces the classic chicken/egg dilemma. Without ubiquitous terminals, suppliers of videotex services cannot justify the investment in

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

THE LITTLE CHILL

TRB is on vacation. This column was written by Eliot Marshall, a writer for Science *magazine.*

Three years ago Carl Sagan and a few other scientists proposed a new theory of Armageddon. They called it "nuclear winter," and their message was chilling. The end of the world, they said, would come not by fire during a nuclear attack but by ice, afterward. After a nuclear war, the Earth would become encircled with smoke, dark, and cold. No one could expect to survive the frost, not the innocent New Zealanders or the remotest tribes of Africa. Even a small atomic war could end human life. Sagan concluded in the Winter 1983-84 issue of *Foreign Affairs* that all nuclear weapons should be eliminated, or at least 99 percent of them.

This insight did not come from a rereading of the book of Revelation. It rested on modern physics and a very sophisticated computer program. It had the glint of hard science. Sagan, who is an expert on the solar system and an adviser to NASA on the Voyager space probe, may be America's most famous popularizer of science. In 1983 several other scientists, including biologist Paul Ehrlich of Stanford, joined Sagan to endorse the view that nuclear weapons were a threat to the human species—quite apart from the obvious threat to civilized life north of the equator. They launched a media blitz that included heavy technical articles, political essays, and TV interviews. It still reverberates through literature.

The message was always the same: scientific analysis "proves" that nuclear weapons are useless. To employ them is to commit global suicide. Even owning them is dangerous because it increases the risk of human extinction. The best thing to do is to get rid of them. This message came nine months after Reagan's "Star Wars" speech, matching his technician's dream with a technician's nightmare of equal force.

The nuclear winter theorists wanted publicity back then, and they got it. But now the situation has changed. The death-by-ice theory seems moribund, riddled with problems, and of diminishing relevance to strategic policy. The same can be said of Reagan's idea of using space weapons to protect cities.

The main technical challenge to nuclear winter comes from Stephen Schneider and Starley Thompson, researchers at the National Center for Atmospheric Research in Boulder, Colorado. They agree with Sagan that the number of nuclear weapons should be reduced, but they say the integrity of atmospheric science should not be sacrificed to make that point. Schneider claims that it has been clear for perhaps two years that Sagan's original description of nuclear winter is not the most accurate. But coaxing has not brought any acknowledgment that this is so. Sagan said recently that he found "nothing new" in a state-of-the-art computer analysis by Schneider and Thompson to change his view of Armageddon.

Schneider and Thompson laid out their doubts in a *Foreign Affairs* article last summer, reporting that the chance of human extinction after a nuclear war is "vanishingly low." They find no risk of a new ice age. Some open, dry areas in the war latitudes might undergo temporary "quick freezes." But, on average, the temperature drop in the Northern Hemisphere would not be worse than 12 degrees during the first week or so after an attack.

At a private gathering of experts at the National Academy of Sciences in January, it became clear that this new mild version of "nuclear autumn" is credible and may even overstate the temperature drop. This does not mean the climatic impacts of war would be mild. Schneider and Thompson say that rice and soybeans are sensitive to small temperature changes and that global rainfall patterns might be disrupted. Millions (billions?) might starve. But there would be no ice in the tropics; that is certain. Schneider says: "Carl's idea was brilliant. He proposed an invasion from Mars." It just didn't hold up under scrutiny.

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An unfinished revolution.

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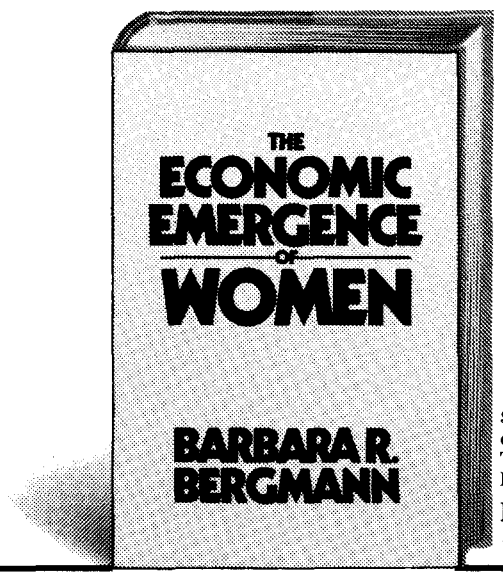

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
FEBRUARY 16, 1987

SNAPPING AT THE REVOLUTION

One of the most contemptible—and, alas, predictable—spectacles in contemporary politics is the conspiracy of the Philippine right and the Philippine left against the government of Corazon Aquino. "The snap revolution" was what British writer James Fenton called her coming to power. But judging by the events of last week, the real snap was not in the short time it took for democracy to usurp dictatorship in the Philippines, but in the short time it took for many Filipinos to start undermining that extraordinary usurpation.

The recent massacre in Manila, and the aborted military coup that followed it, was a textbook illustration of the politics of polarization by the power-hungry extremes. Ten thousand people, mainly peasant farmers, marched against President Aquino's failure to act decisively on land reform. The march was organized by the radical left. According to Seth Mydans in the *New York Times*, its organizers warned that there might be violence; that is to say, the organizers were preparing for violence, even wanting violence. The protesting crowd found the presidential palace heavily protected by soldiers and riot police, upon whose shield were emblazoned the words "maximum tolerance," which was Mrs. Aquino's policy toward such mass expressions of popular discontent. Famous last words, they were.

In no time at all stones were hurled from the crowd, and those in the front line of the march found themselves pushed into the police cordon. Soldiers opened fire. A minute later 12 people were dead, shot at close range, in the head and in the back; and about a hundred were wounded. It was the worst such incident in the brief history of the Aquino presidency.

It isn't hard to picture what really happened. A mob of peasants sincerely interested in land reform confront a mob of cops sincerely interested in law and order. In the ranks of the one mob are left-wing agitators and in the ranks of the other mob are right-wing agitators. These minorities may detest each other, but they enjoy a classic coincidence of interests. They are both determined to destroy the center, their traditional common enemy. For both, democracy and Corazon Aquino are obstacles to power, which is their reason for being. And both appreciated the old rule of mass politics that it takes only a small number of radicals to turn a crowd into a mob, to turn a protest into a catastrophe.

The agitators of the left hurled stones confident that they would beg bullets. The agitators of the right had their bullets ready, and were begging stones. And finally they had their way. These people know how to profit from "maximum tolerance." For them the day's dead were no catastrophe. They were, rather, a brilliant first step toward the destabilization of Aquino's government, toward the delegitimation of her rule. The immediate political goal was the diminishment of the huge majority that is expected to support Aquino in the referendum on her constitution on February 2.

These left-wing opponents of the Aquino opening cannot hide behind the turpitude of the right. Of course the military welcomed the opportunity to shake the government; but the opportunity was given to the military by the left, by those familiar radicals for whom nothing short of everything they want will be acceptable. Sources in the Aquino government indicated to reporters that they had reason to believe there had been coordination between the

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agitation in Manila and the Communists' suspension of negotiations in the north. You had the feeling that the ancient Marxist-Leninist conviction that things must get worse before they get better was being translated into Tagalog. There was growing (and ridiculous) talk of the government's "repressiveness." And the government's negotiator with the Communists resigned, calling the massacre "far more despicable" than any of the violence of the Marcos years. A short memory, or a political design?

On the day of the massacre Mydans reported "renewed fears of a right-wing coup." Three days later, the coup came. It failed—but not in rattling Aquino, and in reminding the world of the fragility of her position. That fragility is owed not to the weakness of her government, but to the incompleteness of her revolution. There never was a purge of the Marcos loyalists and the Marcos elite in Manila. And Juan Ponce Enrile, the Trojan horse of Malacanang, who joined Aquino in her revolution so as not to join Marcos on his plane, remains a permanent pressure upon the government.

The military satrapy is not the only challenge to Aquino's authority. There is a Moslem secessionist army active in Mindanao. And more immediately alarming, there is a Communist insurgency in the north. The leaders of that insurgency wasted no time in suspending the cease-fire talks and returning underground. And there remains, of course, the spectacular social and economic crisis that Aquino inherited from her plundering predecessor. Land reform, for example, is indeed an urgent need of this miserable society. The government has moved slowly and trod cautiously toward that end, though even a perfunctory look at the problem will show how wretchedly thorny it is.

Still, the absence of land reform does not rob the government of its legitimacy. To say so is to concur in one of the most cynical and lethal convictions of the Marxist mind: that economic equality must precede political equality. Is there anything that an unstable society needs more than a stable politics? Without the legitimation of political institutions in places like the Philippines, these poor places and their people will remain toys in the hands of tyrants, and fodder for totalitarians. Corazon Aquino stands for precisely such an epoch-making exercise in political legitimation. Her experiment with her country deserves unflappable support. For the duration, the Philippines is the second homeland of democrats everywhere.

THE BUCK STOPS WHERE?

Treasury Secretary Jim Baker's grand effort at coordinating the economic policies of the major industrial countries has moved into a new, more dangerous phase. Back in September 1985, at a meeting at the Plaza Hotel in New York, Baker struck a deal with his counterparts from Japan, West Germany, France, and Great Britain. Everyone agreed to cooperate in the steady devaluation of the dollar relative to the currencies of West Germany and Japan. The goal was to restore some semblance of balance to the industrial world's out-of-whack trade flows—that is, to reduce the United States' enormous trade deficit and the corresponding trade surpluses in Japan and West Germany.

Devaluing the dollar was supposed to accomplish this by making imports more expensive here and American exports more affordable abroad. This step was necessary, but it has been far from sufficient, as November's $19.2 billion monthly trade deficit made alarmingly clear. More recently, therefore, Baker has been trying to get Japan and West Germany to stimulate their economies, on the theory that this will make them buy more U.S exports. But that gambit has also been disappointing.

NOW BAKER has turned tough. He's made it clear to Japan and West Germany that if they won't grow faster, he's prepared to let the dollar fall farther, although he adds, "We don't want to see it in a free fall." A ten percent devaluation of the dollar has exactly the same effect on imports as an across-the-board tariff of ten percent. This frightens the Japanese, because it means their goods will be priced out of the U.S. market. They hastily dispatched their finance minister to Washington last week to plead for a change of policy. Baker sent him home empty-handed.

The secretary's frustrations are understandable. His latest attempts at keeping the spirit of the Plaza accord alive had basically been rebuffed. Japan, for example, hasn't lived up to the terms of an informal agreement it made with Baker last October: faster growth there in exchange for a pause in the dollar's slide. The Germans, for their part, flatly refused to join even that limited accord.

Baker's turn to muscular tactics pleased the stock market and the Japan-bashers in Congress. But he is in fact risking a great deal in pursuit of what may turn out to be very little. Economic stimulation abroad would barely nick our trade deficit. Wharton Econometrics, a respected economic forecasting firm, estimates that a one-point interest rate cut by the German central bank would slice a mere $500 million off our $170 billion-plus trade deficit this year. A similar action by Japan would only net $3 billion.

Even such insignificant action is far from a certainty, largely because of the perfectly justified reluctance of our trading partners to do Baker's bidding. To them, our gripes about their slow growth look hypocritical: we've done nothing about our promises to reduce the budget deficit, which is a far bigger cause of the U.S. trade deficit than slow growth abroad.

The risk is this: if the dollar keeps falling, and Japan and West Germany can't or won't intervene to shore it up (as they have in the past), then the foreign investors who have financed our trade and budget deficit up to now will cease to do so. Why invest in a currency that loses value every day? Already Japanese trust banks and life insurance companies are nervously looking around for other places to put their cash. If foreign funds stop flowing, we'll have to raise interest rates, bringing on a potentially disastrous recession.

Baker prefers this risk to letting Congress intervene with protectionist legislation. This fear is reasonable enough,

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though it is a tad hypocritical. The administration itself recently announced plans to put a 200 percent tariff on European wine and cheese (now *that* one hurts!) unless the Europeans let in more U.S. grain. Congress apparently wants to see more of this sort of pointless retaliation. A tariff cuts imports of a good by raising its price, making everyone worse off except American companies that produce that good. If the threat of tariff retaliation "succeeds" in making other countries agree to limit imports, the total cost to consumers is the same. The only difference is that the windfall is divided between American producers and foreigners.

Anyway, retaliatory action doesn't work out in practice as neatly as the rhetoric of "fair trade" would imply. Often, we retaliate against imports of one product by restraining a different one, which leads to a similar action by our trading partners. This is what happened in the case of the proposed 200 percent wine-and-cheese tariff. The European Community responded to our retaliation with a threat to keep out American cattle feed.

Meanwhile, other coercive solutions wait in the wings. The latest idea making the rounds in Washington is a "non-protectionist" tariff, a version of which has already been endorsed by Democratic presidential candidate Bruce Babbitt. The idea is to shift the focus from our trade deficits to their trade surpluses. Any country that runs large and growing surpluses year after year would have to cut them substantially or face automatic imposition of a hefty tariff. This is said to be non-protectionist because it leaves the "choice" of how to reduce the trade imbalance in the hands of our trading partners. It's up to them whether there will be tariffs or not.

In theory, Japan could cut its surpluses by opening up its markets to more products from the United States. But trade barriers don't really explain more than a fraction of our trade deficit with Japan. They're outcompeting us fair and square, by producing more efficiently. In practice, then, Japan's only option would be to cut its exports to us. This means Americans would be denied goods that we wish to buy at prices we wish to pay. That wouldn't do us any more good than the old-fashioned "protectionist" kind of tariff. A restraint on trade imposed by the seller nation has exactly the same harmful effects as a restraint in trade imposed by the buyer nation.

It's too late for fiddling with exchange rates to do much

THE ZEITGEIST CHECKLIST

BY CHARLES PAUL FREUND

This Week		Last Week	Weeks on Chart
1.	**IT'S MORNING IN BEIRUT**	—	1

New hostages. U.S. resolve against terrorism is utterly undone. Hamadei's arrest has been eerily devoid of righteous demands for justice by anybody. Perhaps Iranamok revelations have made everyone feel like a hypocrite. When coverage isn't focused nervously on the problems his extradition could cause, it suggests that new Beirut hostage-taking is the administration's fault.

2.	**STATE OF DISUNION**	2	13

Iranamok cum Reagan. The president's emergence from confinement *de scandale* was anticipated with an interest best described as morbid. The question was what he could do to re-Gipperize, but he was happy to settle for proving that he isn't senile.

3.	**LINGUAL DARWINISM**	—	1

Competitiveness. The suddenly ubiquitous "competitiveness" has already ballooned beyond trade matters to include general U.S. insufficiency in everything, including widespread math idiocy and subliteracy. It is either the key term of the moment or a slogan in search of an agenda. But unless somebody adds beef to the term, it will soon be a joke.

4.	**LOVE THY VOTER**	5	4

Compassion cum Democrats. The era of anti-Washington rhetoric is over. Statements out of the Republican National Committee annual meeting dripped with "compassion," "compassionate," and a full Roget of variations. Though the Dems lack an agenda, polls now indicate growing belief that they're better able to handle the nation's troubles, and compassion is the reason.

5.	**AMERICAN MONTAGE**	10	2

Amerika. The battle to turn middlebrow opinion against "Amerika" has reached a decisive stage. Chrysler cancels $7 million worth of TV time while *Platoon* continues to build on the anti-*Rambo* and now anti-"Amerika" reaction.

6.	**MAN BYTES BULL**	*	2

The stock market. Wall Street's wild surges, and the total dissonance between the front page and the financial page, have confused nearly everybody. Least calming optimism: this is a great time to buy because the market looks just like the 1920s.

7.	**EAST IS WEST**	7	4

Glasnost and China. This new Sino-Soviet rift—which one is going to be more Westernized, and which one less—continues as a source of confused fascination. This week it looks like China's democratization impulse has been thwarted and it is the Soviets who are opening up yet further by inviting back ballet dancers and adopting the secret ballot.

8.	**A NURTURING BUSINESS**	*	3

Surrogate motherhood. Some propose giving Baby M to both sets of parents, a slice of *pragmatica Americana* that, interestingly, avoids the ethical issues. Another case of American ethics going for the easy middle.

9.	**GETTING STRAIGHTS**	*	6

AIDS. AIDS is now hitting its "second stage," that is, reported cases among straights are getting more serious. That's an 18-month-old headline, but the sense of panic has risen another notch, which is why condom ads have quietly made some U.S. TV stations after all.

10.	**SELLING NEAR THE WIND**	—	1

America's Cup. The corporate millions underwriting the U.S. effort Down Under may harm the event's "gentility," but, aside from snappy ad footage, it's not buying much. Another sign that the gung-ho-ism of the 1984 U!S!A! Olympics has waned along with the rest of the Reagan spirit.

*Item resurfaces in the Zeitgeist after at least one week's absence.

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more good. A grand global tariff regime won't help, either. Baker, Babbitt, and the rest have to stop looking for the causes of our trade problems abroad and face the fact that the current imbalances reflect structural changes in the American economy. Imports have been taking a bigger and bigger share of our market for consumer durables, cars, and business equipment ever since the late 1960s. This long-term trend has had little to do with either the ups and downs of the dollar or the vagaries of Japanese economic psychology. It bespeaks the true cause of our trade deficit: our chronic inability to make products that other countries want at a price the rest of the world can pay. And it is the reason any strategy that relies on getting tough with other countries is bound to fail unless we get tough with ourselves first.

NOTEBOOK

□ THE NINTH PLANET CONTEST: Why is it that the single most damaging revelation in the Iranamok scandal came not from the press or the courts or the Congress, but from the administration itself? On November 25 Attorney General Edwin Meese disclosed that former NSC official Oliver North apparently diverted the profits of the Iranian arms sale to the *contra* rebels in Nicaragua. No investigative reporter has yet topped Meese's scoop. Perhaps Meese was willing to inflict this devastating blow because of President Reagan's oft-stated desire to lay all the facts on the table and let the American people judge. Perhaps Meese thought North's maneuver would be made public anyway and it would be better for the administration to fess up. But perhaps Meese wanted to cut his losses—as people at the center of a scandal often do. In this scenario, Meese accepted a storm of controversy over the diversion of money to the *contras* in order to avoid controversy over something else. But what? We ask readers to answer this question by following the example of astronomers in the early part of the 20th century. Although these stargazers could not see a planet at the edge of the solar system, they knew something was out there because of the puzzling movements of the other planets. Maybe Meese's disclosure and numerous other inexplicable developments can all be explained by the gravitational pull exerted by some still unseen force at the center of Iranamok. What is the ninth planet of the Iranamok scandal? Entries will be judged on their plausibility and creativity. The winner will receive a free copy of John Dean's *Blind Ambition*.

□ FEDERALISM IN THEORY AND PRACTICE: Remember those bygone days when the Reagan administration touted the "New Federalism"? This was the theory that state and local government, not Washington, could best identify and solve the nation's problems. But once the Republicans were in power in Washington, the federalist theory underwent slight modification. Whenever a local government declined to follow conservative dogma—by continuing a successful school busing program, for example—federalism was said not to apply. Now it seems that the administration has tired of paying even lip service to the federalist idea. When several big-city mayors had the temerity to criticize President Reagan for cutting drug education spending by 50 percent, Gary L. Bauer, the undersecretary of education, informed them that he and other unelected Washington bureaucrats knew better. "Don't sit in your cities and tell us what our budget should be," Bauer lectured the midwinter meeting of the U.S. Conference of Mayors. According to the *Washington Post*, Bauer suggested "that officials in Washington are better positioned than mayors to decide how much money could be spent effectively on the [drug] programs." Meet the new federalism. Same as the old federalism.

□ SOME OBSERVERS exaggerate the importance of changes within Communist societies. Jim Mann, analyzing the recent purges in China for the *Los Angeles Times*, captured their significance in a few startling words: "The difference is that [now] . . . the victims of the power struggles manage to stay alive." This is not exactly what the philosophes meant by progress, but it's progress nonetheless.

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

SPEECHLESS

AS AIDES ROSE to leave the Cabinet Room on January 20 after what the White House calls an "issues briefing," President Reagan got a final word. A farmer was involved in an auto accident, Reagan said, and sued the fellow who hit him. In court the lawyer for the insurance company asked the farmer if he had told a sheriff right after the accident that he "never felt better." Sure, the farmer said, but let me tell you the circumstances. The sheriff found the farmer's horse with a broken leg and shot the animal. He discovered the farmer's dog was also hurt, and he shot it, too. Finally, the sheriff confronted the farmer and asked, "And how do you feel?" The aides chuckled, and Reagan liked the story so much he regaled congressional leaders with it a week later when they dropped by to hear what he intended to say that evening in the State of the Union address.

The joke showed that Reagan's geniality is back. But the mood at the White House is less cheerful. Chief of staff Donald T. Regan continues to be distracted by the Iran scandal, and the disorder remains. On January 19, a day the president spent at Camp David, Reagan found himself with three completely different drafts of the State of the Union: one by his speechwriting staff, one by deputy chief of staff Dennis Thomas, and one by Republican consultant Kenneth Khachigian. Puzzled, Reagan asked, "What's going on here?"

For once at the White House, the turmoil wasn't over

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policy or ideology. It was a disagreement over the tone and sweep of the speech. Everyone was concerned about the scandal, the president's absence from public life since before Christmas, and his plummeting popularity. "The debate was over which draft makes the president sound the best," says a senior official. "This was truly over how to present the president." Should he be confrontational or should he be conciliatory? Should he stress domestic policy or foreign policy? Should he be specific or thematic? From the start of speech deliberations in December, there was agreement on one thing: Reagan shouldn't spend much time on the scandal. Even Treasury Secretary James A. Baker advised Patrick Buchanan, the White House communications director, to have Reagan go light on Iran. This, of course, fit with the current strategy at the White House to comment as little as possible about the scandal and avoid fanning the flames.

THE FIRST speech draft to reach Reagan was largely written by Anthony Dolan, the chief speechwriter. It included one idea that hasn't been approved by Reagan, a presidential order for the Pentagon to study early deployment of the Star Wars missile defense system. This draft drew mild criticism for being too long, too specific, and not soaring enough. But that wasn't why another draft was ordered. Reagan and his wife Nancy have enormous confidence in Khachigian's ability. He had, after all, written the speech on drugs that they jointly delivered on national television last September. So in early December, well before Dolan and the speechwriting staff had completed their draft, Khachigian was informed by Thomas that the president wanted him to work up a version. He agreed.

Khachigian, who lives in San Clemente, California, and worked in the Nixon White House, came to Washington in mid-January to confer with Reagan and White House aides (especially with his friend Buchanan). By January 17 he was finished, and his draft was dispatched to Reagan at Camp David. It was heavy on hard-line foreign policy pronouncements and light on specific legislative proposals. It was more confrontational than not. Khachigian described the speech to a senior official as "Ronald Reagan's reassertion of primacy in foreign policy in this country." Not surprisingly, the full-time speechwriters at the White House groused about Khachigian's intervention, and they were highly critical of his speech.

The two top aides to Regan, Thomas and Cabinet secretary Al Kingon, weren't thrilled with Khachigian's work either, chiefly because they wanted more emphasis on domestic policy. They started work on their own draft. Kingon, for one, is convinced that "competitiveness" and America's status in the world will be the overriding issues of the 1990s, just as inflation was in the 1970s and "incentives" have been (he thinks) in the 1980s. He wanted a speech spelling out new Reagan policies that would affect American life "in the 21st century." Kingon pushed several specific proposals, including the creation of a bipartisan presidential commission to cut the cost of farm programs. The president had encouraged him on this, often repeating tales of how much individual farmers get from the federal government. When Kingon told Reagan recently that a California farmer got $12 million, the president put his hands over his face and said, "What are we doing wrong?"

Thomas was keen on detailing in the speech what Reagan has in mind for the year 2000. That is when kids who are in kindergarten now, he reminded associates, will be graduating from high school. What neither he nor Kingon wanted was a speech about Reagan's vision for 1987. With other aides, they hashed over catchy themes. Kingon came up with "an American renaissance." In their speech draft, they used the phrase "a national crusade for excellence," though there were objections about using "crusade" so soon after it was applied by the Reagans to the fight against drugs. Pollster Richard Wirthlin came up with the line that Reagan actually used twice in the State of the Union speech he delivered January 27—"a quest for excellence."

Kingon and Thomas were desperate for specific ideas. "Everybody was running around saying, 'I want an idea,' " says a White House official. "No one had one." For help, they recruited Education Secretary William Bennett and Labor Secretary William Brock. Bennett recommended that Richard Darman, the deputy treasury secretary, be invited to brainstorm as well. But White House aides find Darman overbearing and said no. At a January 10 meeting, Bennett urged that defense of the West and "the nurture and protection of our children" be the focus of the speech. Two days later, he submitted a memo to Kingon on how education, traditional values, and "competitiveness" could be major themes. Thomas was impressed, and in his draft Reagan was to instruct Bennett to put federal support behind school programs that work and to keep reporting to the American people about ways to improve schools. From Brock came ideas about job retraining.

KHACHIGIAN and Buchanan were turned off. Khachigian sat through a session with Thomas, Kingon, Bennett, and Brock on January 12, but Buchanan couldn't endure it. When Thomas started talking about "the year 2000," Buchanan quickly got up as if he had another meeting to attend, left the room, and went jogging around the Washington Monument. He refers to the sorts of measures that Thomas and Kingon liked as "constructive Republican alternative proposals," which forms an acronym.

Eight days later, Khachigian was back in California when he got the speech draft by Thomas in the mail. It was the first he'd seen of it—the draft had gone to Reagan the day before—but it had his name on it. Khachigian was furious, and he called Regan to complain.

The president wasn't pleased either with the Thomas speech, which pirated parts of the Dolan and Khachigian drafts and contained sections that Thomas and Kingon favored. On January 23, four days before he was to give the speech, Reagan called Khachigian in California and asked him to come to Washington to repair things. Khachigian arrived by nightfall, and he went to Camp David for the weekend with the Reagans. By Monday there was a new speech that the president was comfortable with. It was

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much like Khachigian's original one: confrontational, thematic, concentrating on Reagan's approach in foreign policy in 1987. Except for snippets tacked on to the end of the speech, the Thomas and Dolan drafts were forgotten.

Kingon was thunderstruck, since he had briefed the newsmagazines on the assumption that the Thomas draft would be the State of the Union. A Kingon aide had to inform the newsmagazines on January 26 that his briefing was inoperative. Kingon called Bennett to tell him that most of his ideas had been dropped from the speech, although his idea of using the 200th anniversary of the Constitution as the frame of the speech was adopted.

The final flourish in the speech, the bit about "We the people," came from Reagan himself. In talking to the president in the Oval Office in mid-January, Khachigian perked up when Reagan repeated one of his old standbys about why the American Constitution is so different from others. Khachigian took notes furiously. "In those other constitutions, the government tells the people what they are allowed to do," Reagan said. "In our Constitution, we the people tell the government what it can do and that it can do only those things listed in the Constitution." In his draft, Khachigian made those words the heart of the concluding passage, a perfect Reagan touch. When Reagan read the draft, he loved every word of it.

FRED BARNES

POSTCARD WALL STREET

CASINO ROYALE

FORGET Alan Greenspan. Ignore the trade deficit. Don't worry if the dollar plummets. On a day like last Friday you place your chips on red or black and hope you have the nerve to double up if the first spin of the Dow goes against you. When you remove the veneer of Wall Street pontification, the patina of economic rationalization, you are left with what I sat through on January 23: a lifetime's worth of Bull and Bear between 9:30 and 4:00. The only training needed to make big money was the instincts of a good gambler who knows when to quit—and when to get in. I pick stocks for a living. Most of the time I peruse Wall Street research or tear apart annuals. I study Standard & Poor's tear sheets and listen to "Wall Street Week," the "Nightly Business Report," and anyone with any knowledge of any business who will talk to me. But on certain days you can lose more money by getting up to pour a cup of coffee than you could make by reading a year's worth of *Barron's*.

With post time upon us, I knew overseas markets were strong. I knew that the "shorts"—investing professionals who sell stocks hoping they can buy them back more cheaply (the guys who had been betting red the whole time I had been betting black)—were panicky. I placed my bets. I went for some old friends: Digital Equipment, up 30 in a few weeks' time and still good for a few points more; Reebok, a heavily shorted stock, one in which you knew the shorts had to be taking gas; and more General Electric. Just this week the Japanese had become heavy buyers of U.S. securities; I speculated they would now seize on G.E. because it's a large trading concern with a huge market share and a familiar product that would naturally appeal to Japanese investors. Merck, the world's largest pharmaceutical concern, was more emotional. I had ridden Merck January calls up 30 points for my biggest gain ever, and I thought I was through when the January calls expired the week before. But with the stock at 133, three points below where I sold it, my gut told me to get back in.

NO SOONER had I made my choices when the market opened, exploding up 13 points from yesterday's close. Stocks I planned to purchase carefully around the price of yesterday's close reached prospective sell targets within minutes, not the six months I had budgeted. Slow and steady movers, calm stocks, even old reliables were up two and three points. Reebok shot up a point and was well beyond reach by 10:30. Digital pushed into the stratosphere. By 11:30 more than 100 companies were up a couple of points or more, all moves that on regular days would have brought rumors of Icahn or Pickens, but already seemed normal. By 1:15 the Dow had roared through 2200, up 100 from the previous day's opening, and Merck was trading at 144—the biggest point gainer at the moment. My positions were up 70 percent and raw greed stalled my thoughts as I pondered whether yesterday's $100,000 investment could be turned into $200,000 if I held on a few moments longer.

Seconds later I got a call from a friend in Philadelphia who had been shorting Bristol Myers as I rode up Merck. With Bristol up 3½ in just four hours, my friend decided to throw in the towel and buy back his short at a huge loss. When the shorts quit, it's time for the longs to take profits. I jammed my finger on the autodialer and got through to the floor. "Sell the Mercks, all of them," I said, "at 17," up seven from the day before. The trader checked back a moment later: "Nothing done, he's bidding 16." I told him to go ahead, hit the bid. He flashes back seconds later, "Too late, the bid is 15." "Fine," I say, "just sell 'em, get me out." The trader reports back in a minute: I sold them at 14—that's $30,000 left on the table in no more than three minutes' time. I had been caught in a "sell program," waiting three minutes too long, but not so long that the profit was lost. In another five minutes Merck sank seven points—a $10,000 loss if I had held on. Trying to get out in a sell program is like trying to swim upstream in a calm river turned flash flood. On Friday it was like getting out of a tidal wave.

Much has been said and written about computerized sell programs. But I can testify that there are actually humans at the switches reacting to real-life situations. On Friday afternoon the bullishness had simply gotten out of hand—futures on indexes such as the S&P 100 or the Major

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Market Index had gotten too far ahead of the stocks themselves. There was no way that Merck or G.E. could go up as fast and as far as the speculator had taken up the index itself. As a result, someone came in and sold the index so hard and so heavily that it too overcompensated—that is, it went so low that it sank below the stocks themselves. In turn, big players then sold off the stocks to get back to equilibrium.

Just how crazy were the programs? No sooner had the market sold off 50 points—a swing of more than 100 points in less than an hour—then it started climbing again, reaching zero in no time, and causing those out for lunch to ponder whether the market had done anything at all in their absence. Had anything happened fundamentally? Hardly. I decided to step up to the plate and buy more G.E. Just after my purchase, news came over the tape that G.E. was closing down its robot plant. Sometimes when a company closes down a dog division, stocks go up. But when a company shuts down a division that was supposed to be its future, then it's a cause for concern, and an immediate drop. But the buy programs were just as vigorous going up as the sell programs that had brought my calls down about $200,000 in value minutes before. Two minutes after the bad G.E. news hit the tape, the stock climbed a couple of bucks, adding nearly a billion to G.E.'s market value. So much for the fundamentals.

At around 3:00 the buy programs began to dissipate. People were exhausted, and the scared, the near-paralyzed, and the squeamish barreled out. Taking advantage of the lull, I bought selectively, trying to think longer term through to Monday's opening. In the end, those who bet on red won. The market closed down 44. It was a clear, though momentary, victory for the "shorts." It was a defeat, not only for the bulls, but for anyone who still thinks that 100-point swings in the market can be explained by economics, interest rates, earnings, or common sense.

JAMES J. CRAMER

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Ed Meese tangles with the law.

VIVA MIRANDA

A NATIONAL poll in 1984 revealed that only half of those surveyed could identify Warren Burger, but an astonishing 93 percent knew that if they were arrested, they had the right to a lawyer. Television, of course, accounts for the difference. Every cop show since "Dragnet" has shown good cops reading suspects their rights—a ritual enshrined in constitutional law by the 1966 Supreme Court decision *Miranda v. Arizona*. *Miranda* has become a bedrock of American popular as well as legal culture. But this icon lately has become the target of one of the Reagan Justice Department's most quixotic crusades. Attorney General Edwin Meese recently endorsed a plan to urge the Supreme Court to overturn the case, a strategy that is bad law, bad police policy, and bad politics.

The 128-page Justice Department report that promoted the attack on *Miranda* suggests the decision was a quirky aberration, a "derelict on the seas of the law," that the Supreme Court endorsed in a weak moment and has regretted ever since. In fact, *Miranda* has proved to be one of the most resilient of the great Warren Court decisions. The ruling followed a long series of cases in which the Supreme Court sought—largely unsuccessfully—to define when confessions were "voluntary." After looking at various alternatives that attempted to test whether a suspect's "will was overborne" and other similarly fuzzy concepts, Chief Justice Earl Warren came up with a solution eloquent in its fairness and simplicity. *Miranda* holds that whenever a suspect is arrested, the police are required to inform him that he has the right to remain silent, that if he gives up that right the statements can be used against him, that he has a right to a lawyer, and that if he can't afford one the state will supply one free. The rule is straightforward, and the Supreme Court has applied it conscientiously for two decades. If a suspect is read his rights and then talks, the statements are admissible. If he isn't "Mirandized," the statements cannot be admitted in court.

That's not, of course, how the Justice Department report views the decision. *Miranda*, it states, established "a peculiar set of rules" whose rationale has been "discredited." If the right case percolates through the lower courts during the remaining years of the Reagan administration, sources in the Justice Department confirm that it will follow the report's recommendation to "secure a decision by the Supreme Court overruling or abrogating the *Miranda* decision." The report's author, Assistant Attorney General for Legal Policy Stephen J. Markman, concludes that "the interesting question is not whether *Miranda* should go, but how we should facilitate its demise, and what we should replace it with."

THE *Miranda* offensive is doubly ironic. First, conservatives are supposed to quake with indignation about "activist judges" who meddle with "settled precedent." By that standard, the Meese Justice Department has been anything but conservative. *Miranda* now joins any number of issues—including abortion, affirmative action, and school prayer, to name some of the more celebrated—where the Justice Department has sought to upset settled legal rules. Second, and more important, *Miranda* has been a remarkably successful decision—backed by a coalition that includes as many police chiefs as civil libertarians. The Justice Department case against *Miranda* is that it unfairly presumes that police will mistreat prisoners and thus unduly limits their options in interrogations. But Gerald Arenberg, executive director of the

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National Association of Police Chiefs, says that "*Miranda* isn't the problem with crime. We have never noticed that *Miranda* itself has been a problem with police investigations."

In this respect, *Miranda* differs greatly from the real bête noire of police and prosecutors—the exclusionary rule, which has been a more legitimate target of the Meese Justice Department. That rule forbids the government from introducing in court physical evidence that was illegally seized. The law enforcement community detests the exclusionary rule because the standards police must follow in obtaining physical evidence are fraught with complexity, governed by squishy concepts such as "probable cause" and "reasonable suspicion." In contrast, *Miranda* produces no such difficulties. As Stanford law professor John Kaplan says, "All the cop has to do is read the guy his rights and he knows he's done the right thing."

Miranda has also served to curb a great number of police abuses, from outright torture to more subtle intimidation. Jerald Vaughn, who runs the International Association of Police Chiefs, points out that "the police behave and operate much more responsibly now than they did when *Miranda* came down in the '60s." That, argues Minneapolis police chief Anthony Bouza, is all the more reason to keep the *Miranda* standards intact: "Of course, police methods have changed—*because* of *Miranda*. Without it, you're sure to return to the days of the third degree and the cops beating the shit out of people."

And even putting aside the eminently sound practical arguments for preserving *Miranda*, the decision still commands surprising—even enthusiastic—support on William Rehnquist's Supreme Court. Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, who is every bit as conservative as Rehnquist on criminal matters, wrote in a majority opinion last year that *Miranda* "as written, strikes the proper balance between society's legitimate law enforcement interests and the protection of the defendant's Fifth Amendment rights." O'Connor lauded "the ease and clarity" of the decision's application, and warned against "muddying *Miranda*'s otherwise relatively clear waters." These are hardly the words of a Court that, according to the Markman report, has "rejected the doctrinal basis of *Miranda*." In two recent decisions, the Supreme Court expanded incrementally the ways in which defendants may waive their *Miranda* rights, but in no way limited the police obligation to issue the warnings. As Harvard law professor Phillip Heymann says, "There's just no way this Court is going to overrule *Miranda*."

Ultimately, the real purpose of the administration's *Miranda* offensive is less criminology than demonology. As the Justice Department report states, "Beyond the correction of the specific evils that have resulted from *Miranda*'s system, an abrogation of *Miranda* would be of broader import because of its symbolic status as the epitome of Warren Court activism in the criminal law area." Such is the department's reflexive hostility to civil liberties that it now imagines a nebulous conspiracy of the nation's police chiefs, the ACLU, and the Rehnquist Supreme Court to coddle America's criminals. On *Miranda* the Reagan administration should have exercised its right to remain silent.

JEFFREY TOOBIN

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A catalog of lies.

INSIDE OLLIE'S MIND

OF ALL THE questions that have been asked about Lt. Col. Oliver North in the past few months, no one has yet raised what should be the most obvious one. Why was a man with North's record of erratic judgment, self-delusion, and outright lies allowed to play a major role in U.S. foreign policy for the past six years? Perhaps people have been reluctant to question publicly North's conduct because discussion of a person's personality should be handled with the utmost care. Perhaps, too, the questions have been slow to arise because so many high-ranking Reagan administration officials respected North, admired him, and cooperated with him. But if North is in fact the unbalanced figure he appears to be, the implications of his role in the Reagan administration become not merely unsettling but alarming.

If White House accounts are to be believed, North, while operating under the title of NSC deputy director for political-military affairs, assumed responsibility for nearly every U.S. foreign policy initiative since 1981. According to White House and NSC sources (some of whom were undoubtedly North himself), North masterminded the following events:

The Iran arms sales.
The *contra* war.
Private fund-raising for the *contra* war.
The mining of Nicaragua's harbors.
The bombing of Libya.
The invasion of Grenada.
The interception of the *Achille Lauro* hijackers in Italy.
The U.S. response to the Israeli invasion of Lebanon.
The sale of AWACS to the Saudi Arabians.
The reduction of death squad activity in El Salvador.
Plans to rescue passengers from the hijacked TWA airliner.
The management of millions of dollars in Swiss bank accounts for anti-Communist guerrillas the world over.
U.S. participation in the toppling of Haitian dictator Jean-Claude "Baby Doc" Duvalier.
The drafting (God forbid) of a long-range blueprint for U.S. political and military policies through the end of the century.

But was North actually involved in all of these operations? Early in the scandal President Reagan praised North as a "national hero" and credited him with all sorts of accomplishments. Lately the White House staff has shifted

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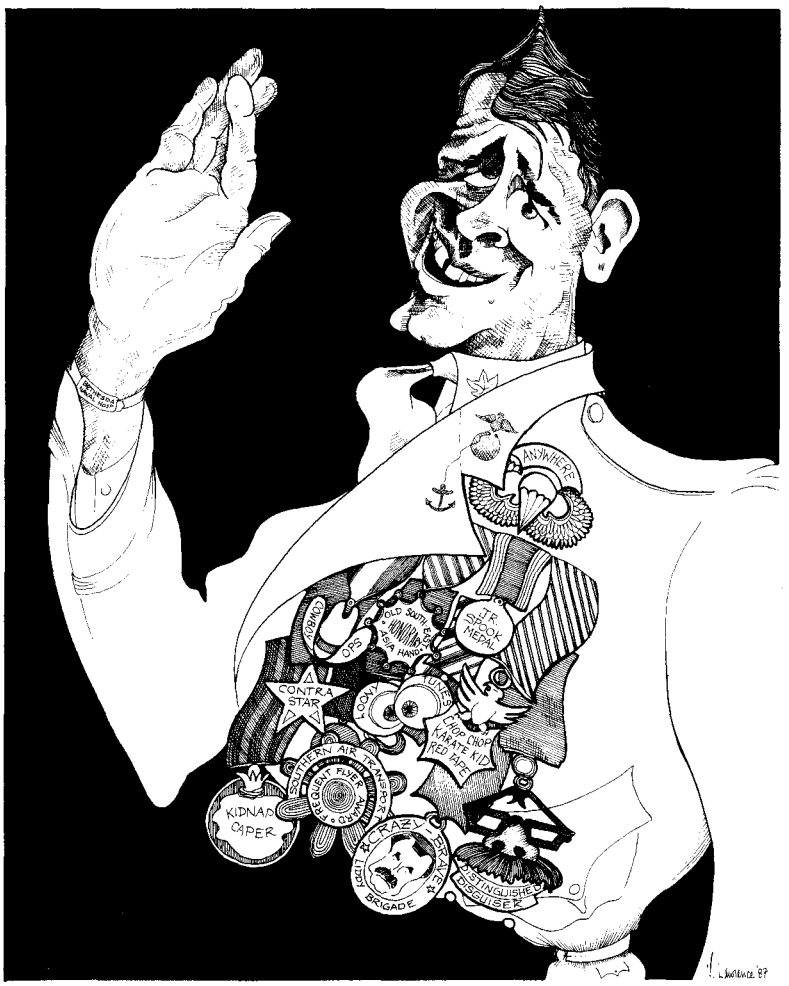
tactics and adopted a "blame Ollie first" strategy in an effort to distance itself from his misdeeds. Given the self-serving leaks from top administration officials, it is difficult to determine just what is fact and what is myth when it comes to North's exploits.

It seems likely that North did have an important role in the *Achille Lauro* interception and the mining of Nicaragua's harbors. Other stories, though, seem to depend on unknown sources, who, once again, may be North or his friends. For example, the *New York Times* reported in November that, according to a "government official," North led a supersecret team of Marines to the remote mountains of eastern Turkey in April 1980. Their mission: to help out, if needed, with Jimmy Carter's ill-fated rescue mission of the Iranian hostages. The story of the "can-do" colonel standing by while the Carter team fumbled is appealingly ironic, and it may even be true. But Gary Sick, then principal NSC aide for Iran, NSC adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, and former Secretary of State Cyrus Vance have no recollection of North's involvement in the rescue mission.



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Other stories about North's background have been verified. Just before Christmas the *Miami Herald* revealed one of the most startling ones. In 1974, after a 29-day period in command of the Company A, First Battalion, 4th Marine Division in Okinawa, North was relieved of duty and hospitalized for emotional distress at Bethesda Naval Hospital for three weeks. The Rev. Sun Myung Moon's *Washington Times* reported that North was found by a superior officer "babbling incoherently and running around naked, waving a .45 caliber pistol," apparently ready to commit suicide. North reportedly told the officer that "he didn't have anything to live for and was going to shoot himself." Neither North nor his lawyer denied the stories when asked to comment.

These reports raised as many questions as they answered, not only about North, but about the competence of the people who hired him. Richard Allen, the NSC director who brought North into the White House, has said he would not have done so if he had been aware of the incident. North apparently felt no need to raise it on his DD-398 form, the Statement of Personal History that every Marine with a top secret clearance or higher must complete. One of the questions is whether the applicant has been "hospitalized or treated by a doctor for nervous disorders." Failure to fill out the form accurately constitutes perjury—something that Congress should keep in mind if North ever agrees to testify under oath.

The FBI, which conducts background investigations of NSC appointees, was also in the dark about North's treatment. A spokesperson for the bureau has explained that medical records are not normally included in such investigations, "unless on their application they stated they have a problem." North failed to make such a statement. All mention of the incident was purged from North's military record—apparently by a supporter in the Marines—before North joined the NSC in 1981. While a Marine Corps spokesman was unaware whether North had disclosed his prior treatment in his NSC background check, the *Washington Times* reported that North "bragged" to a Marine acquaintance about having the incident expunged from his record.

North's 1974 breakdown is not conclusive evidence that he was unfit to hold a sensitive White House position; his seeming addiction to lying is.

In 1985 North testified as a character witness in the securities fraud trial of Thomas Reed, a former colleague at the NSC. North's sworn testimony, much of it irrelevant to Reed's character, can only be called surreal. North said that he began his college career as a premed student at the University of Rochester. In fact, he was an English major at the State University of New York at Brockport. North told the court: "I was an infantry platoon and company commander in the Special Operations Force, team commander." Marine officials contacted by the *Washington Post* say they know of no such outfit. Nor is there any record of his duty as a company commander. North told the court that

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he served in Vietnam "from 1968 through the early part of 1970 and then again in 1971." "There is no record of an extended or second tour" in 1971, the *Post* reported.

One of North's favorite fibs involved his relationship with Reagan. One source told the *New York Times* that North frequently peppered his conversations with phrases such as "I just met with the boss," meaning the president. The source checked North's claim a few times and, "of course, he hadn't." North told a United Methodist Church group in 1986 that he briefed the president twice a week, once on terrorism, once on Central America. White House officials (admittedly not the most credible sources themselves) say that since January 1985 North met with the president less than once a month, and never did so alone. According to the White House log, Reagan called North during this period exactly once. The call took place on November 25, 1986, the day that Reagan told the nation about North's firing and the Iranamok scandal. Reagan reportedly comforted the fired aide with the observation that the entire adventure would make a great movie.

Of course, there is a real possibility that North *did* have numerous off-the-record meetings with his biggest fan, Ronald Reagan, and that it is White House officials, not the lieutenant colonel, who are being deceptive in this case. But why would White House officials be so eager to distance themselves from North unless they believe (or know) that his still-undisclosed actions will be seen as scandalous?

The gyrations of the Reagan officials over North call to mind the recent cartoon that shows two politicians shouting to a crowd, "Don't believe his lies, believe my lies." CIA officials, for example, have reportedly told congressional investigators that in order to secure their cooperation in the arms deal, North misled them about what was being sent to Iran. And unnamed White House officials informed the *New York Times* in early January 1987 that the chronology of events regarding the Iran/*contra* connection provided by North was full of falsehoods. They said that North's account incorrectly implied that President Reagan knew about the arms sales earlier than White House aides say he did. In attempting to make North the scapegoat for Iranamok, administration officials only confirm how much power and faith they invested in him and how irresponsible they were in doing so.

SOME OF North's statements, true or not, reveal an individual whose judgment is clearly flawed. The strangest of these incidents involved the attempt to free the hostages via Iran. The day that the Lebanese magazine *Al Shiraa* broke the news about Robert McFarlane's cake- and Bible-laden trip to Tehran, North told his NSC colleague David Major that the story was "disinformation being leaked from the NSC." The real plan, North said, was not to trade arms for hostages, but to trade hostages for hostages. North explained to Major that he had ordered the kidnapping of relatives of Iranian public officials. The kidnapped Iranians were being held in cages throughout Europe until they could be "crated back" in exchange for American hostages. Major was flabbergasted, and queried North over the NSC's in-house computer network about whether or not the plan was serious. North responded simply, "Yes." A White House spokesman confirmed that North had indeed told the kidnapping tale, and felt obliged to add that it was not true.

The *Los Angeles Times* quoted a "friendly source" explaining that North "crossed the line from truth into fantasy long ago." Another source commented, "He would rather tell a good story than the truth, even if the truth serves his purposes better." A third source called the story "vintage Ollie."

Then there's North's dog. North used to claim that anti-*contra* activists had poisoned his family's dog shortly after his link to the *contras* was made public, a story that several reporters credulously published. But one of North's neighbors explained to the *Los Angeles Times* that "the dog died of cancer. It got old and died. Ollie told everybody it was poisoned for effect."

FOR ALL his top secret derring-do, North's lack of sensitivity about the handling of sensitive matters could be startling. At the Methodist gathering he said he had participated in two wars: Vietnam and Angola. (There's no public record of U.S. military involvement in Angola.) He also mentioned in passing that he was "just back from Beirut." If he was just back from Beirut, why was he telling the world about it? At the Thomas Reed trial, North testified that he had "just returned from overseas, where we are trying to effect the recovery of five Americans who are missing in Beirut." Is this any way to conduct secret negotiations?

Some of North's quirky behavior might seem endearing or at least harmless in another context. After a severe auto injury in 1964, the young Naval Academy midshipman went back to his hometown of Philmont, New York, and spent his time "jumping off the roof" of the garage in order to toughen himself. When North was serving as a counter-insurgency instructor he showed his prankster side. According to *Newsweek*, North jumped on a classroom desk and "accidentally" opened fire on his students with an automatic rifle—loaded with blanks. When North accompanied members of the Kissinger commission to Central America, he introduced himself to some of the politicians in the region as "the advance man for the U.S. invasion." But in the context of the conduct of American foreign policy, North's actions and his rise to unchecked power indicate a disturbing flaw in the political system that spawned and nurtured him.

In a recent article in the *New York Times Magazine*, Peter Maas explored the unsavory backgrounds of the men North recruited to help him fight his—and America's—secret wars. Maas wondered how North came to be a part of such a sleazy crew and closed his article with the question, "Was he really that dumb?" The same question might be asked of the president, the White House chief of staff, the NSC adviser, the secretary of state, the secretary of defense, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and a wide variety of

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Washington insiders. The stories about North's behavior have been well reported, officially confirmed, and widely available to any top government official or editorial writer who cared to look. There are two possible, equally damning, explanations for Oliver North's rise to power. One is that the administration was, in fact, that dumb. The other is that Oliver North was the right man for Ronald Reagan's foreign policy.

ERIC ALTERMAN

Eric Alterman, a fellow of the World Policy Institute, a New York think tank, is a writer in Washington.

Meet the surrogacy entrepreneur.

BABY M WINNER

THERE WILL BE only one winner in the Baby M surrogate motherhood case now being fought in a New Jersey courthouse: a lawyer from Dearborn, Michigan, named Noel P. Keane. The founder of the surrogate baby business in the United States, Keane arranged the ill-fated contract between Mary Beth Whitehead, a 29-year-old housewife from Brick Town, New Jersey, and Elizabeth and William Stern, a doctor and a biochemist who have always wanted a child of their own. While mother and father wage a heartrending struggle over their baby girl, Keane is enjoying a booming business. The Baby M case, he says, has made surrogate parenting "more and more known, and more and more acceptable." Since the trial began, inquiries to his office have quadrupled.

Keane stands to gain even more if the Baby M case prompts state legislatures to pass laws regulating surrogate parenting. The business of matching infertile couples with women willing to bear a child for them is conducted in a legal gray area. Neither permitted nor prohibited by law, surrogate pregnancies are a matter of private contract. Legalization would legitimize Keane's controversial operation and make the millions of Americans who cannot have a child more comfortable with the idea of paying a woman to have one for them.

But Keane has managed to keep an extraordinarily low profile during the case. He has not yet been called to testify, and it is not likely that he will. During the first two weeks of the trial, while his former clients sobbed on the witness stand and their lawyers heatedly debated the validity of the contract Keane had drafted, he was on vacation in the Virgin Islands. The man who played matchmaker to the Sterns and the Whiteheads and godfather to Baby M feels no need to defend his own role in the dispute. "It's not my case," he explains.

In fact, it is his case. Public discussion of the Baby M trial has focused on the ethics of surrogate parenting, overlooking the practices of the man who founded the surrogate business. Mary Beth Whitehead blames Keane for failing to provide her with adequate counseling and support; she has filed suit against him for fraud and negligence. Keane also faces lawsuits from three other disgruntled clients who charge he mishandled their cases. At least ten former clients of Keane's contacted by Gannett News Service cited fairly serious problems with his program. Their concerns were diverse: one surrogate underwent artificial insemination before any contract had been signed; another was approved despite a history of heart disease; in two other cases, the surrogate mother bore her husband's child—not the client's. As one looks over Keane's record, it is difficult to escape the conclusion that a major reason the Sterns and the Whiteheads are in court today is because of Noel Keane's business methods.

KEANE GRADUATED from the University of Detroit Law School in 1970. In 1973 he was indicted in an ambulance-chasing scheme in which police officers allegedly directed injured people to his law practice; the charges were later dismissed. In 1976 he was one of the first people in the country to go into the business of arranging surrogate pregnancies. At first the legality of paying surrogate mothers was in question, so Keane found volunteer surrogates and charged childless couples a $3,000 finder's fee. In 1980-81 Keane says he began arranging for the couples to pay the surrogates. Today Keane and most other surrogate matchmakers charge about $10,000 per case; and the couple typically pays the surrogate another $10,000 plus all of her expenses. In ten years Keane has arranged some 140 surrogate births, more than twice as many as anyone else.

Keane's methods for signing up surrogate mothers are more casual than those of other surrogacy operations. Mary Beth Whitehead says she sent her picture and application form to Keane's on a Friday and was accepted the following Monday. At the Center for Surrogate Parenting in Beverly Hills, applicants go through four months of psychological tests and group counseling before they are accepted. Bill Handel, who runs the center, claims that he rejects 19 out of 20 applicants. Whitehead's application wouldn't even have been considered by The National Center for Surrogate Parenting in Chevy Chase, Maryland. Harriet Blankfeld, who runs the center, requires that potential surrogates have at least a high school diploma—"not to demonstrate their intelligence, but to prove they have made a commitment and kept it," Blankfeld says. Whitehead was a high school dropout.

A 25-year-old woman from Michigan who is suing Keane under the pseudonym Jane Doe says that when she first came to his office, she wasn't convinced she wanted to be a surrogate mother. She says Keane took her to a room where a childless couple was sitting. For an hour and a half, Doe talked with the couple, while holding her six-month-old son. "They looked like they hadn't eaten in six months and my baby was a hot fudge sundae," Doe says. She put aside her own doubts about her physical and mental readi-

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ness and, after several phone calls from the childless couple, decided to become a surrogate.

Keane doesn't bother to run any psychological or medical tests on his surrogates until after they have been hired by the infertile couples. With the deal already arranged, Keane counts on unqualified applicants—like Jane Doe—to disqualify themselves. A review of Jane Doe's medical history would have shown that she recently had an operation for cervical cancer. After the operation, Doe says her doctors warned her not to get pregnant for at least two years. At the age of 25, she had also had five miscarriages out of nine previous pregnancies. What did the doctor working for Keane say about that? According to Doe: "Good, you're really fertile."

Doe endured what can only be described as a harrowing pregnancy. When artificial insemination was scheduled to begin, Doe wasn't fertile because she was still nursing her son. She says Keane's doctors gave her drugs to induce ovulation. Once pregnant, Doe says she had to go to the hospital five times and spend weeks at a time on her back. Twenty-two weeks after conception, she delivered a baby that died one-and-a-half hours after birth. Doe never received the full $10,000 payment for delivering a live baby. Keane initially offered her $1,000—the standard amount for a miscarriage, which she refused. After seven months of haggling, Keane paid her $7,000.

Jane Doe obviously lacks good judgment, and thus can't blame Keane entirely for her predicament. But a scrupulous screening process might have protected her from herself. "That man should not be in business," Doe says. "As a result of his program, a baby died. He influenced me to do something I should not have done."

When reporters ask Keane about the case, he becomes irate, offering them her real name and phone number despite her desire for privacy. Although he says he does not remember the details of the case, Keane says Doe's charges of coercion are false. He has filed a libel suit against her and her lawyer.

Keane denies that he accepts just anyone who fills out one of his surrogate applications. If the potential surrogate appears to be overweight, for example, he says he might not take her. But he admits that he doesn't know what percentage of surrogate applicants his business rejects. "I don't see a lot of [applicants] myself anymore," he says. Who does? "The secretarial staff," he says.

KEANE'S NEXT STEP is to take all of the application forms with the pictures affixed and put them in a big binder. When childless couples come into his office, they flip through his book until they find someone they like. Bill Handel likens Keane's operation to a "meat market." "You wouldn't believe how couples select women," explains Nancy Reame, a nursing professor at the University of Michigan who volunteered for Keane from 1981 to 1985. "They look at what she looks like and how cute her kids are. They're very vulnerable, and they don't have the sophistication to make the decision." Most other surrogate matchmakers, such as Blankfeld and Handel, select the mothers for their clients, precisely to avoid the kind of emotional coercion that results when a potential surrogate meets a couple desperate for a child.

And if there is little medical screening in Keane's operation, there is hardly any psychological testing. Philip Parker, the Detroit psychiatrist who does most of Keane's testing, processes each applicant in a matter of hours, usually for a flat fee of $250. In more than 500 examinations, Parker has rejected exactly one potential surrogate. "I have a moral objection to screening out people," Parker says. He explains that he tries to give potential surrogates a realistic picture of the difficulties involved. But he adds that he sees himself as presiding over a self-selection process, in which the potential surrogates decide if they want to go ahead. "Even if I did feel they would have trouble, I wouldn't screen them out," Parker says."My job is to warn couples and others that this is a high-risk person." But is anyone warned? Some of Keane's former clients say they were never shown their surrogate's psychological report.

Elizabeth Stern says that she asked to see Whitehead's entire file, and the psychological report wasn't there. The report is critical to the Baby M case because Keane's New York psychologist, Joan Einwohner, tested Whitehead and warned that "she expects to have strong feelings about giving up the baby at the end." Later in the evaluation, Einwohner said that Whitehead should be questioned further to determine "whether she will be able to relinquish the child at the end.... She may have more needs to have another child than she is admitting." Stern now says that if she had seen the report, she would have asked for more testing and might not have hired Whitehead.

KEANE'S PROGRAM provides surrogates with little in the way of counseling and support. Two of the lawsuits against Keane charge that he does not do enough to insure that surrogates know to abstain from sex with their husbands before and after the artificial insemination process. Judy Stiver, a surrogate from Lansing, Michigan, bore the child of her husband instead of the client. It's unclear whether anyone would have even bothered to test the baby's paternity—Keane doesn't require it—if the infant hadn't been deformed. Stiver filed suit, claiming that the deformity was the result of a herpes-related virus transmitted to her by the donor's semen. Keane disputes this, but acknowledges that Stiver was inseminated with sperm that had not been tested for sexually transmitted diseases.

Once the surrogate is pregnant, most surrogacy centers offer regular counseling to prepare the mother for giving up the child. Blankfeld says such sessions could have helped Whitehead overcome her bonding with Baby M. But Whitehead says she was left to fend for herself throughout her pregnancy. Keane's center doesn't even have a full-time psychologist on staff. To make things worse, no one from Keane's agency was at the hospital with Whitehead when she delivered the child. Keane then

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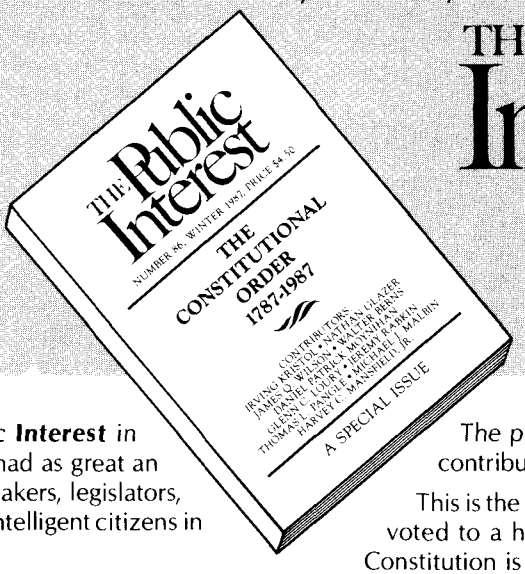
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allowed Whitehead to take the baby home, something that other agencies forbid. By the time the Sterns came around to pick up Baby M, Whitehead had already begun nursing her child.

Keane views himself as an avuncular matchmaker, and not as the administrator of the long, complicated, and delicate process of arranging a successful surrogacy. In his desire to help infertile couples, he overlooks the enormous responsibilities he has taken on. When problems arise, he is quick to point out that the doctors and psychiatrists his program relies on are independent and responsible. He fails to see, though, that he is the one person who is in charge of all of their work. "I'm a lawyer, not a doctor," he says repeatedly.

He says he feels no remorse for the problems of Mary Beth Whitehead, the Sterns, Judy Stiver, and Jane Doe. "If this wasn't such an emotional issue, we wouldn't go to such pains to weed out potential problems." Testing was "done and more than done," he claims. Keane says of his critics: "They're just a little jealous. I get the notoriety. I get more volume. I'm smarter." And: "I'm a big boy. I understand the issues involved."

Keane continues to prosper. Some lawyers thought the Stiver case would destroy him. Instead it landed him a spot on "Donahue." The Baby M case hasn't hurt him either. He recently hired a Detroit public relations firm to coordinate his interviews and public appearances. His flack now says that Keane is available to discuss the "legal and medical ethical issues" involved in surrogate motherhood. He has a lot of explaining to do.

MALCOLM GLADWELL
AND ROCHELLE SHARPE

Malcolm Gladwell works for *Insight* magazine. Rochelle Sharpe is a reporter for the Washington bureau of Gannett News Service.

In the Court of last resort.

DEATH ROW CLERK

A FEW WEEKS after I began my Supreme Court clerkship, I worked on my first death penalty case. A convict in Texas was scheduled to be executed the following morning. He had filed an application for a stay of execution, raising legal issues that he thought warranted the Court's attention. If the Court granted the stay, he would be spared, at least temporarily. If it denied the stay, he would be executed. Throughout a long afternoon and evening, clerks conferred, argued, and studied copious papers, repeatedly phoning the justices, or trying to phone them. Since it was the middle of summer, most were out of town, some in hard-to-reach places. Meanwhile, the Clerk of the Court—a permanent position, unlike that of the justices' clerks, who change every year—talked continually with the lawyers for both sides.

Eventually, close to midnight, the Court issued a stay. Chief Justice Burger and Justice White publicly noted that they would have denied the stay. The Court's official order stated that "Justice Rehnquist took no part in the consideration or decision of this application." And Justice Powell issued a brief statement: "Ordinarily, I would vote to deny the petition for writ of certiorari and the application for stay as I find no substance to any of the petitioner's claims. But it is not clear from the votes of the other justices absent from Washington, whether there will be four votes to grant the petition for writ of certiorari, and at this late hour it has not been possible to clarify their positions. In view of this doubt, I will vote to grant the stay."

For me, and almost all the other clerks, it had been our baptism in death penalty work. It was not, of course, the first time we had confronted the death penalty as a searingly divisive philosophical and emotional issue. But it was our initiation into the death penalty as a grueling and grinding part of our daily work.

DEATH PENALTY work arises in the Supreme Court in three ways. First, as on that summer night, it arises when a last-minute stay of execution is requested. In the final hours before almost every death penalty, the Court is besieged with applications for stays. At that point it appears that all other courts have denied relief, and the Supreme Court is truly the court of last resort.

Second, it arises as part of the weekly work of reviewing petitions for certiorari (requests for the Court to hear and decide a case). My rough estimate would be that in every week's batch of 50 in forma pauperis applications (from those who cannot afford the Court's filing fee), some three to ten petitions involved death penalty cases. I personally reviewed at least 100 death penalty petitions in my year at the Court.

Third, death penalty work arises among the cases that the Court agrees to hear and decide. In 1985-86, for example, the Court struck down death penalties in cases in which the defendant had not been allowed to question prospective jurors about possible racial prejudice and in which the defendant had not been allowed to introduce evidence of his good behavior in prison as a "mitigating circumstance" at the sentencing phase. On the other hand, it upheld and refused to hear death penalty cases in which all opponents of the death penalty had been excluded from the jury and in which the prosecutor had engaged in numerous acts of prosecutorial misconduct, including telling the jury that the defendant was an "animal" who did not deserve to live.

My goal here is not to enter the fray between advocates and opponents of the death penalty. I hope simply to report some of the dominant impressions that linger now, some months since I have grappled with the issue on a daily basis.

One of the most striking impressions is the utter savage-

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ry of the crimes involved. Reading the accounts of these cases, one cannot help but wonder at the inhumanity of man to man, and at the human potential for depravity. Some of the truly grotesque crimes stand out. The Texas convict whose life was at issue in those first summer weeks was convicted of brutally raping and murdering a young housewife. A gash was found in the victim's stomach, and there were allegations that the assailant's penis had been inserted into the wound. A Georgia convict had killed his homosexual lover by jamming a screwdriver into his ear and twisting it; he then tried to dispose of the body by dismembering it and flushing it down the garbage disposal.

Just as terrifying were the routine acts of violence—the mindless shootings of clerks in convenience stores, or the aimless beatings and killings of feeble old ladies. In one case two young Georgians robbed a cabdriver. They stripped the driver at knifepoint and put him in the trunk, laughed as he pleaded for mercy, and eventually drove the car into a pond. There was no purpose to the killing, no plan beforehand. Simply the banality of evil.

Another dominant impression is that in the vast majority of death penalty cases there seemed to be overwhelming evidence of the defendant's guilt. I write this with a great deal of hesitation because it is so easily misunderstood. It is important to add three caveats. First, deciding whether the evidence is sufficient to qualify as overwhelming is usually left to the jury; a challenge based on insufficiency of the evidence would be unlikely to succeed in the Supreme Court. Second, even if defendants are guilty, that is not, contrary to some views, any justification for relaxing constitutional protections. Third, and perhaps most importantly, under current death penalty jurisprudence, the mere fact of killing is not sufficient to justify the death penalty. Rather, there must be specific "aggravating factors" that overcome a defendant's "mitigating circumstances." Thus, evidence of guilt is not at all tantamount to evidence that the death penalty is appropriate. Still, with a few important exceptions, there rarely seemed to be any doubt about whether the defendant had committed the crime for which he had been sentenced to death.

WHETHER SOMEBODY received the death penalty very often seemed to be a function of the quality of their lawyers. Although there are exceptions here too, by and large the people who receive the death penalty are dirt poor. They are represented by overburdened public defenders or by court-appointed counsel who frequently seem to lack much zest for the job.

Poor legal representation in capital cases is especially important considering the "sentencing phase," in which the state must show that the aggravating factors outweigh the mitigating circumstances. As the Supreme Court has repeatedly emphasized, the defendant has the opportunity to offer any kind of mitigating circumstance that might justify a life sentence rather than the death penalty. The evidence mitigates not the *guilt*, but the *sentence*—the grim determination about whether a fellow human will live or die.

Again and again, in cases that I reviewed, potential mitigating evidence was readily available—medical experts who could testify to mental retardation or other evidence of diminished capacity; relatives who could help explain how and when this individual had been brutalized; fellow veterans who could testify about the defendant's combat valor, or about the haunting, warping effects of the battles they had experienced together. Again and again, defense counsel made little or no effort to reach such witnesses.

By the time death was imminent, high-powered legal talent had entered the battle on behalf of the condemned—big guns like the NAACP Legal Defense Fund, or Washington law firms proceeding pro bono. Almost always it was far too late—the battle had been lost when the mitigating evidence was not presented in an isolated courtroom far from national attention. Although a claim of "ineffective assistance of counsel" itself can be asserted as a violation of constitutional rights, many of these lapses occurred in cases in which such a claim was rejected without much consideration.

I WAS ALSO struck by the severe strain that the death penalty places on the Court as an institution, and on the justices as individuals. The public record of the 1985 term reveals sharp divisions among the justices about the handling of death penalty cases. The requests for stays sometimes bring three of the Court's basic rules into conflict and tension. It takes five votes to grant a stay. It takes four votes to grant cert and hear a case. And, as Justice Brennan explained in a dissent last year, it takes a similar "minority of the Court" to hold a case—to delay action pending resolution of an already granted case. (Votes to hold usually are not made public.) Since Justices Brennan and Marshall will vote to strike down every death penalty as a matter of constitutional principle, there are always at least two votes for the stay, and for action that would defer execution.

Significantly, at least once during the term, four voted to hold a case, but the other five refused to stay the execution. Since there were the votes to hold, the petition could not be denied. But since there were not the votes to stay, the execution went forward even though the Court had not officially acted on the petition. In a macabre sort of bureaucratic housekeeping, after the execution, the petition was then denied as moot because of the defendant's death.

Since almost every execution is preceded by the last-minute stay applications, almost every execution requires action by the justices, whatever the time of day or night. Justices (and their wives or husband) become accustomed to clerks calling in the middle of the night with the latest news on the frantic flurry of last-minute efforts and counterefforts. Frequently, one justice or another is writing a separate opinion on the Court's action, and each justice must be kept apprised of the latest circulation. Perhaps the justice will want to join the writing; perhaps respond to it; perhaps simply be informed of it.

All of this takes place as the allotted hours are winding down. The public record for the 1985 term reports the

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Court, on at least one occasion, granting a stay until 5:00 p.m. of the same day. I recall wondering what the scene must have been like as the prisoner, the warden, the executioner, the lawyers, and all those assembled learned that the defendant had received a stay of several hours—and nothing further happened until the Court announced that the stay was removed.

And, of course, as with any human endeavor, there are human fallibilities. I remember one case in which a clerk confused two defendants who were seeking stays at the same time, and advised granting and denying a stay to the wrong individuals. Fortunately, the mistake had no effect on the eventual outcome.

The tension and gravity of the death penalty sometimes encourages a bizarre "gallows humor" among the clerks. There were stories from past years—of a clerk who flashed the lights on and off after each electrocution; of another who found amusement in some correlation between death penalties and the "execute" and "rub out" buttons on his word processor. But almost every clerk I knew was profoundly touched and affected by the weight of death penalty work—by the realization that one's efforts, under difficult, pressured, and trying circumstances, might well have a direct bearing on the immediate question of whether someone would die.

In the end, opinions about the death penalty are entangled in broad, important questions: of punishment and retribution; of social purpose and societal standards; of mercy and morality. For those who vigorously oppose the death penalty, however, it is important to understand the full brutality and savagery of the crimes involved. For those who vigorously support the death penalty, it is just as important to know that imposition of the death penalty frequently results from nothing more than poverty and poor lawyering. And for those on both sides it is critical to see that the Supreme Court confronts the rapidly quickening pace of executions as a very human institution.

CLIFFORD SLOAN

Clifford Sloan served as a clerk for Justice John Paul Stevens in 1985 and 1986.

Lessons for South Africa.

ZIMBABWE'S TORTURED PATH

BY BILL BERKELEY

UNTIL LAST December Dumiso Dabengwa was Zimbabwe's most prominent political prisoner. During the war against white rule in what was then Rhodesia, Dabengwa was the chief military strategist for one of the two nationalist guerrilla factions that fought in an uneasy alliance against the white minority regime of Ian Smith. In March 1982, in what had since become black-ruled Zimbabwe, Dabengwa was arrested and charged with treason and unlawful possession of arms. A year later he was tried and acquitted. Judge Hilary Squires, a conservative white holdover from the Rhodesian regime, described the Soviet-trained former guerrilla leader as "the most impressive witness any of us have seen in a long time." But Dabengwa was immediately re-detained under the government's sweeping emergency powers. He remained in detention, without charge, for three-and-a-half years. On December 4, 1986, Dumiso Dabengwa was released.

Dabengwa's freedom suggests that a major turning point may be at hand in the turbulent history of Africa's youngest country. His release removed one of the last remaining obstacles to a long-awaited merger between the two main political parties in Zimbabwe, Robert Mugabe's ZANU and Joshua Nkomo's ZAPU. The merger would create a de facto one-party state. Disturbing as that may sound to outsiders, the prospect of "unity," as it is called there, has broad support in Zimbabwe. It raises hopes for an end to the bitter fighting and persistent abuses of human rights that have blighted an otherwise commendable record of achievement in that embattled country. Yet "unity" is no panacea. It has been achieved in an atmosphere of violence and fear and repression, rooted in history and institutionalized in laws that originated during the civil war. Even with unity, the history and the fear remain in place.

South Africans might learn a lesson from Zimbabwe as they slide into their own civil war next door. The lesson is not that human rights will be no better under black rule. On the contrary, for a majority of Zimbabweans human rights conditions have substantially improved since independence. Most of the country is at peace. Political detentions are counted in the hundreds now, not the thousands as they were during the war. For whites, Prime Minister Robert Mugabe's policy of "reconciliation" has turned out to be genuine and successful. This is especially remarkable

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given the bitterness of the civil war and the gross inequities of white settler rule, when half of the black children suffered from malnutrition and whites in the towns and cities enjoyed the highest number of swimming pools per capita in the world. Some of the whites who fled after independence are now trickling back.

The lesson for South Africans lies in the wages of protracted guerrilla war. The Rhodesian civil war, which claimed some 30,000 lives, brutalized all of its participants. The balance of power has shifted now, but the rules of the game remain pretty much the same. The former nationalist guerrillas now running the country have adopted many of the same counterinsurgency tactics, sweeping police powers, and even some of the personnel once deployed so ruthlessly against themselves. Arbitrary arrests, detention without trial, the systematic starvation of land-locked peasant communities, torture, kidnapping, summary killings—all of these hallmarks of Ian Smith's minority white regime have been used by Mugabe's security forces.

Now, as before, the abuses are aimed at suppressing an elusive guerrilla campaign that is itself in large part a consequence of the war. The "dissidents," an amorphous amalgamation of disaffected former guerrilla fighters, political radicals, and common criminals, have been waging a campaign of terror and economic sabotage in the southwest provinces of Matabeleland. The dissidents have killed hundreds of civilians and rendered tens of thousands of acres of vital commercial farmland uninhabitable. Their aim, apparently, is to destabilize the country and thereby undermine support for the government. They have aroused fear out of proportion to their actual numbers, in part because of evidence that they have received support from South Africa, in the form of weapons and training. Zimbabweans view such support, however limited it has been thus far, as part of South Africa's broader campaign to destabilize its black-ruled neighbors.

The dissidents have no acknowledged leader and no avowed political aims other than a larger share of power. Some have claimed to be fighting on behalf of Joshua Nkomo, the opposition leader, but Nkomo has denied this. The government has alleged that Dumiso Dabengwa, who was Nkomo's intelligence chief during the war, is responsible for at least some of the dissidents; hence its refusal until now to set him free. But the government failed to prove this allegation in court, and Dabengwa has denied it. The extent of collusion between ZAPU and the rebels remains an open question.

THE CONFLICT IN Matabeleland has its roots in personal and tactical feuds that ruptured the black nationalist movement in the early 1960s, giving rise to separate nationalist parties and, ultimately, separate guerrilla armies. Inevitably, these armies, led by Mugabe and Nkomo, drew the bulk of their support from their respective ethnic groupings. The fear and suspicion now dividing these groups, Mugabe's majority Shona-speaking people and Nkomo's minority Ndebeles, date back more than a century. But until the war they were relatively inconspicuous. Then tensions between the two armies grew apace, and they have proved difficult to extinguish.

In 1983 an estimated 1,500 rural Ndebele civilians, presumed to have supported the dissidents, were summarily executed in a scorched earth campaign carried out by the notorious, exclusively Shona, Fifth Brigade of the national army. In 1984 apparently fewer were killed, but many more were detained without charge and beaten during a three-month curfew in Matabeleland. During those months several hundred thousand Ndebele were systematically denied emergency drought relief supplies.

In 1985 an undetermined number of opposition organizers and supporters—perhaps several hundred—were abducted from their homes in the middle of the night by unidentified gunmen. Most of them have not been heard from since and are presumed dead. The evidence strongly points to government agents. Also in 1985, after parliamentary elections in which ZAPU candidates swept all 15 seats in Matabeleland, several hundred ZAPU leaders and organizers were rounded up and detained without charge, including five members of Parliament. Most were held incommunicado. Many were tortured.

Sydney Malunga, ZAPU's parliamentary whip, was beaten on the soles of his feet. Two other ZAPU members of Parliament were subjected to what is known as the "water-bag treatment": hands bound behind the back, head submerged in a canvas mailbag filled with water, the drawstrings pulled tightly around the neck, the back straightened, and then beating with clubs and hose pipes until the victim chokes on the water, blowing it out the nose and ears over and over until he finally loses consciousness. This is the most common form of torture in Zimbabwe today—as it was under Smith's regime. A form of electric shock treatment developed by the Rhodesian police also is still in use.

Emmerson Munangagwa, Zimbabwe's minister of state security and a former guerrilla leader, told me in an interview last year that reports of torture in Zimbabwe were "rubbish." But when I pressed him, citing court judgments and medical reports, he responded with the Zimbabwean equivalent of a curve ball: "Let me tell you about torture," he said. "I have been tortured." A decade earlier, he said, he was detained by Rhodesian security police who suspended him upside down from sliding meat hooks and batted him back and forth like a tennis ball. "Did you see that man who came in here just now?" the minister asked. He was referring to an intelligence officer—white, middle-aged, mustachioed, dressed in powder blue shorts and knee socks—who had interrupted the conversation a minute earlier to deliver some documents to his boss. "He was one of the ones who tortured me."

BY SUCH strange turns does the violent history of white Rhodesia repeat itself in independent Zimbabwe. The national army, the police, and the secretive Central Intelligence Organization were maintained largely intact at the end of the war, with some personnel changes but few structural reforms.

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The most striking source of continuity between abuses past and present is their legal underpinning. The Emergency Powers (Maintenance of Law and Order) Regulations, under which Dumiso Dabengwa was re-detained after acquittal at trial, were first introduced by Smith in 1965. They were re-enacted by the new black-led Parliament in 1980, and they have been extended at six-month intervals ever since. Zimbabwe's emergency powers, like those in South Africa, permit indefinite detention without trial at the discretion of the minister responsible for law and order. The institutionalization of these sweeping provisions, now in effect for more than two decades, has seriously eroded the professionalism of the police, who need not obtain evidence of criminal conduct in order to justify an arrest.

Zimbabwe's leaders distinguish between their own harsh practices and those of their white forebears by noting that Smith's security forces were acting to defend white privilege. Now the government is acting to defend the black majority. "There comes a time," the deputy prime minister, Simon Muzenda, said in a letter to the Lawyers Committee for Human Rights earlier this year, "when a government has to exert its authority in the name of, and for the sake of, the majority, when a recalcitrant tiny minority is persistently violating the human rights of the majority. It takes such an action in order to restore and uphold human rights."

The government may thus justify its actions in the abstract, but it does not actually admit to them in practice. The prime minister and his deputies have denied charges of abuses and denounced those who have documented the abuses. The nominally free but largely subservient local newspapers, radio, and television, like their Rhodesian predecessors, rarely question the government's point of view on security matters. Most Zimbabweans know almost nothing about the activities of the security forces in Matabeleland.

BEFORE 1980 Smith reserved special opprobrium for human rights groups and their sources. And so it remains under the new regime. Enos Nkala, the volatile home affairs minister who spent 13 years in detention during the war and was brutally tortured, has declared Amnesty International an "enemy of the nation." Nkala announced in Parliament earlier this year that he would detain without charge anyone found to have furnished information to Amnesty or to the Lawyers Committee for Human Rights, which published a book-length report on Zimbabwe in May. The committee, he said, is "financed by the Central Intelligence Agency." Mugabe, whom Amnesty adopted as a prisoner of conscience during the decade he spent in detention during the war, now derides the group as "Amnesty Lies International."

In June the two leading figures in the Catholic Commission of Justice and Peace, the sole human rights group operating within Zimbabwe and a harsh critic of abuses both before and since independence, were briefly detained on orders from the minister of home affairs. In August Jan Raath, a correspondent for the *Times* of London, was expelled from Zimbabwe after writing an article comparing human rights abuses under Mugabe to those under the Smith regime. Raath was permitted to return to Zimbabwe in November.

TO THE consternation of Zimbabwe's leaders, international concern about human rights abuses has obscured what is in other respects a remarkable record of achievement. Zimbabwe has survived three years of drought and is now exporting food to its neighbors. It has extended health services and educational opportunities to several million rural blacks who were denied these basic provisions during nearly a century of white rule. It has cut the infant mortality rate in half.

Prime Minister Mugabe enjoys broad popular support in his own country, at least among the Shonas. The disciplined, scholarly former guerrilla leader was elected by a huge majority in 1980 and overwhelmingly re-elected in multiparty elections just last year. Most Western diplomatic observers regard him as a decent but hard man, tempered by a decade in detention and buffeted by the internecine sniping of a collective leadership better suited for guerrilla warfare than government. By all accounts Mugabe is uncorrupt.

Then there is Nkomo. The long-time nationalist leader is a tired and defeated man these days. When he initiated the unity talks in late 1985, virtually the entire leadership of his party was in detention. He has endorsed the one-party state in principle as a means of diffusing ethnic divisions. The two political parties have no real ideological differences; essentially, they represent ethnic constituencies. Many Zimbabweans, on both sides of the ethnic divide, believe that the perpetuation of ethnically based parties tends to exacerbate the centrifugal nature of the country's politics. Zimbabweans look upon the proposed one-party state not as a preferred system of government, but as a political solution to a military conflict.

Of course, the downside of single-party systems has been well documented in Africa—not least in Ian Smith's Rhodesia, which was itself a de facto one-party state. But the unity talks do appear to have achieved at least a temporary easing of hostilities in Matabeleland. The past year has been the quietest since independence. Reports of dissident activity have declined, and there have been fewer reports of abuses by the army and police. More than 200 political detainees, including the five members of Parliament, have been released as a consequence of the talks. Some Zimbabwean lawyers and human rights activists claim that the authorities have made a genuine effort to improve their human rights performance.

This is premature. If the last six years have taught Zimbabweans anything, it is that when violence and intimidation have been institutionalized, they are not easily expunged. The underlying causes of disunity remain in place. Even if the talks do succeed, "unity" will have been achieved by bludgeoning the minority into submission. The resulting fear and resentment will take years, if not generations, to overcome. □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Some Odds and an End

Faces of Women comes from the Ivory Coast, where it was made by a 48-year-old director named Désiré Ecaré who had studied theater and film in France. Ecaré worked on it over a period of 12 years, and the film looks it. It's patchy, uncertain in form, and there are moments of frantic editing when Ecaré tries to compensate with juxtaposition and elision for footage he doesn't have. Still, honor to him for seeing the film through; it has its rewards.

Faces of Women
(New Yorker)

It begins and ends with a village festival. Within that framework are three separate stories, all of which deal with the condition of Ivoirian women. The stories are more engaging than they would be in familiar locales because the film has the interest of a travelogue. This is clearest in a sexual episode, and not just because it's vivid.

A young man follows a young woman to a river, watches her strip and bathe. She knows he is there—at least she isn't surprised when he steps forward after she is dressed. Without a word he persuades her to take off her clothes again. He strips, too, and they sport sexually in the water, then make love standing in the shallows. They resume on the bank. What we see is mild by porno standards but is surprising when we consider that these two people are not porno performers but two actors who agreed to do the sequence for Ecaré. What's amusing is the woman's impatience with the man. He wanted her, he persuaded her, now she wants him to quit fooling around and fulfill. Her very last gesture, as she reclines before him on the bank, assures us that tension between the sexes is as international as attraction.

But the glory of *Faces of Women* is its fashion show. Each one of the many dozens of women whom we see, both in the village of the festival and in Abidjan, wears a blouse and a skirt made of a uniquely designed textile. Each pattern is lovely, even in the film's weak color. This display of ingenuity and delicacy tells us more about Ivory Coast culture than any other element in the film.

A new French farce is called *One Woman or Two*, and it stars—is everybody ready?—Gérard Depardieu. While sitting through this frantic yet feeble film, I had to do something to pass the time, so I thought about Depardieu. He gives a fine performance. With a basic idea possibly suggested by *Bringing Up Baby*, the script makes him a passionate paleontologist who has discovered the skeleton of a two-million-year-old woman. That's enough of the plot, except to say it's a laborious hodgepodge that lurches from one tired gimmick to another. But moment for moment Depardieu supplies energy, impeccable technique, and feeling. I had the surreal impression of a gifted man in a mental hospital displaying his gifts to the governors to prove that he doesn't belong there.

This is only the latest instance of a painfully familiar occurrence, a good performance in a poor film. Two other recent instances: Jane Fonda is trenchant and movingly desperate as a disintegrating Hollywood alcoholic in a ridiculous thriller, *The Morning After*; in another thriller, *Defense of the Realm*, British this time, Denholm Elliott is first-class as a seedy London journalist, an ex-Communist who left the Party 30 years earlier and has spent the rest of his wretched life in double bondage—to the blasted ideals of his youth and to possible blackmail about his past. All during the plot's murky hugger-mugger, about a young reporter uncovering a political plot at an American air base, I wanted the picture to give up its silly story and concentrate on Elliott. His character is worth a film; so is his performance.

The phenomenon of the good actor in the poor film certainly isn't novel. Two instances I wrote about 17 years ago, which were hardly the first in film history: Peter O'Toole in *Brotherly Love* and Richard Burton in *Staircase*. Few people saw those films, and, as with the current ones, it was difficult to urge people to see them. But to think that those performances are lost . . . .

You can argue that these actors are important enough to make their own choices and that they chose to do these scripts. But perhaps, among the multiple possible reasons, they chose these scripts because of the characters—not just as juicy parts but for the quality of the roles. Is Fonda supposed to wait around for a better script with a Hollywood derelict in it? Was Burton supposed to wait for a better context for his portrayal of an aging, affectionate homosexual?

The only comfort, somewhat chilly, is that this recurrent phenomenon is not a problem: there's no solution. Good acting has always been more available than good scripts—or good directors. And actors want to act. So sometimes they settle: they take what they can get—stars included—that will at least give them personal rewards, even if the script is less than it ought to be. But this forced bargain often leads to the (virtually) unseen gem lying dusty on the warehouse shelf. If it's

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Crimes of the Heart. Beth Henley's play/screenplay, a seeming comedy about three strange Mississippi sisters, is inadequately directed; but, aided by Jessica Lange and Sissy Spacek, much of the script's quality comes through. (Reviewed 2/2/87)

The Good Father. A Londoner, separated from wife and small son, especially embittered because he had sympathy with feminism. Anthony Hopkins at his sardonic best. (2/9/87)

Platoon. Vietnam combat, pungently recreated by the writer-director Oliver Stone, who was there. The film's realism makes the killing seem especially pointless because we view it through the perspective of what has happened since in Southeast Asia. (1/19/87)

Thérèse. A subtle, lovely biography of Saint Thérèse of Lisieux, complete in its austerity though minimal in method. Alain Cavalier has made a work of art. (12/29/86)

SK

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not consigned to the warehouse furnace.

Detlef Sierck, who died in January, had an extraordinary career. Born in Hamburg in 1900, he began work as a dramaturg at a Hamburg theater in 1920. Soon he became a director at various German theaters, where he did Molière, Shakespeare, Büchner, Strindberg, Ibsen, Wedekind, and Shaw. He entered films in 1934 and directed a drastically altered version of Ibsen's *Pillars of Society*, along with melodramas tinged by subservience to the Nazis. But he broke loose and arrived in Hollywood in 1940. After various misadventures, he established himself as a director there, and from 1942 to 1958 he made some 28 films. In 1960 he returned to Germany—to the theater: he said that "the German cinema was wrecked." He picked up the theater threads he had dropped some 30 years earlier and did productions of Rostand, Ionesco, Shakespeare, Schiller, Williams, and more.

In that long Hollywood "interlude" he changed his name to Douglas Sirk and made his reputation. Of course it's easier to make a lasting reputation with films than with theater productions, but Sirk's films were largely made from trashy fiction—such as *Written on the Wind*, *Imitation of Life*, *All That Heaven Allows*, *There's Always a Tomorrow*, *Magnificent Obsession*. And it is precisely through his handling of such trash that he became a director of high repute and great influence. Godard, Bertolucci, and Fassbinder are only three of the younger directors who venerated him for his visual style and general cinematic sensibility. When I read the obituary, I couldn't help thinking again about a director's advantage over an actor, especially with inferior material: a director can transmute the whole of a lesser script, not just one role, can raise the level of the entire work. So well did Sirk accomplish these transmutations that in Justin Wintle's *Makers of Modern Culture*, a discerning biographical dictionary, Sirk gets two columns—right after Georg Simmel—and in the opening sentence is called a genius. I'm not here disputing the justness of the term: I'm merely underscoring the oddity, considering the material Sirk had at his disposal.

There's another oddity. After his return to Germany, Sirk dropped his *nom de cinéma* and became Sierck again in the theater. Is the change back to his own name an insight into what he really thought of his Hollywood career? If so, the reversion is doubly wry, because it's as Sirk that he will be remembered. □

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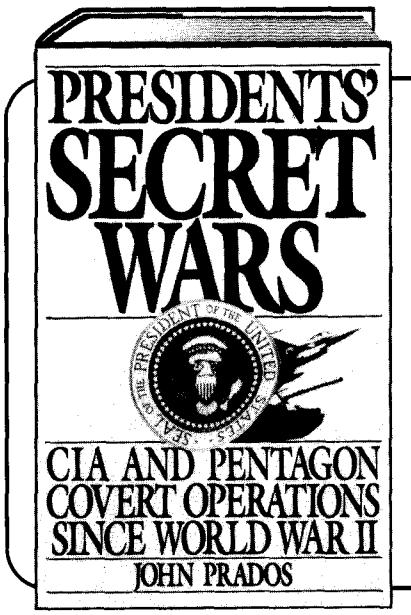

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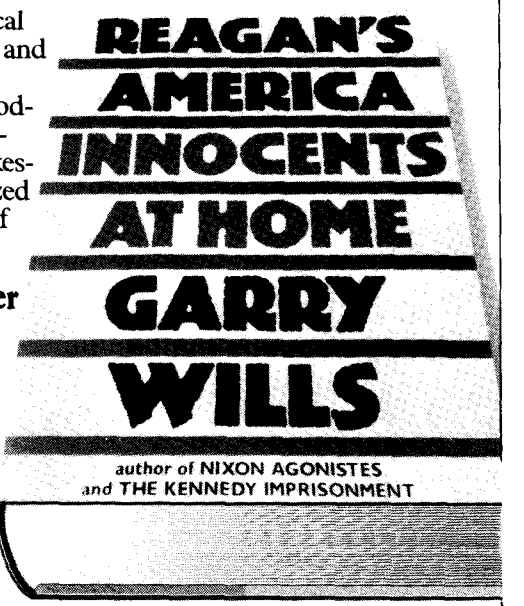

DOUBLEDAY

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ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

Hallucination and Moral Dissent

At 69, Yuri Lyubimov is the lightning rod of world theater. After mounting productions in the Soviet Union that were electrifying both artistically and politically, he went to England in 1983 to stage his galvanic *Crime and Punishment*, denounced the cultural repressiveness of his country, and found himself stranded in the West—fired from his Taganka Theatre, voted out of the Communist Party, and stripped of his Soviet citizenship. Roaming through Europe directing plays and operas, Lyubimov became a vagrant theater artist for the next three years. Now it seems as if his exile may be coming to an end. A few weeks ago, virtually the entire Taganka collective composed a letter to Gorbachev requesting Lyubimov's reinstatement; and soon after, Lyubimov's successor, Anatoly Efros, died of a heart attack. The convergence of these no doubt related events, combined with the new *glasnost* policy, may very well result in Lyubimov's triumphant return to the great theater he created, provided he is given full artistic autonomy, including the right to work freely in the West.

Lyubimov's recent career is a melancholy epic of homelessness, but it also suggests how much theater matters in the Soviet Union. Following in the anti-realistic tradition of Meyerhold and Vakhtangov, two more proscribed Russian theater artists, Lyubimov creates stage pieces that have an immediate relationship with his audience and the society beyond. Like much of his work, his version of Dostoyevsky's *Crime and Punishment*, now playing at the Arena Stage in Washington, is a concealed allegory of life under Stalinism. (Lyubimov's adaptation of Bulgakov's *Master and Margarita*, which my own company will perform in the spring, also features characters based on powerful political figures of the Soviet pantheon.) Lyubimov believes that "the theater is an art of today and it is very important that the theme I choose concerns spectators today." Probably for those reasons, his audiences in Russia were usually a bizarre blend of passionately engaged young people and vigilant observers from the Central Committee and the KGB.

One suspects that Lyubimov's creative juices are stimulated by confrontations with powerful authorities, though he has also enjoyed the patronage of such high-placed figures as Yuri Andropov (ironically, his acting career began in an ensemble organized by NKVD head Lavrenti Beria). His production of *Crime and Punishment* is a direct challenge to any man, living or dead, revolutionary student or head of state, who would set himself up above God.

Dostoyevsky's great novel has recently exercised considerable fascination for Eastern European theater artists, including Andrzej Wajda, whose production with the Cracow Stary Theatre was the high point of last summer's PepsiCo Festival at Purchase. Whereas Wajda focused on the emotional relationship between Raskolnikov and his pursuer Porfiry (with muted references to the Nazi and Soviet extermination machines), Lyubimov is more interested in the political and philosophical implications of Raskolnikov's crime. An intensely religious man, Lyubimov apparently believes that history went sour the moment man determined that God was dead and humans could therefore create their own moral law: the victories of Napoleon lead directly to the crimes of Stalin. Thus, in this version, the suffering of Raskolnikov, and his eventual redemption through penance and the love of Sonya, are of less consequence than the poisonous equation he let loose in the world: "One crime—a hundred good deeds: Arithmetic!" It is an "arithmetic" that now informs not only totalitarian policy but every corner of modern life. Lyubimov says he determined to direct this production after reading a number of schoolchildren's essays on the novel, one of which concludes the play: "So Raskolnikov was right to murder the old woman. Too bad he got caught."

It is impossible to separate Lyubimov's ethical and ideological obsessions from his stagecraft, but his control of theater is marked by the same meticulous discrimination as his morality. The informative program notes in the Arena magazine provide a description of Lyubimov's aesthetic in his own words:

> The sky which we see each morning will always be a thousand times more beautiful than a cyclorama in a theater. An artificial lawn will never impart the freshness of a real tuft of grass. . . . This style of theater [realism]—which is actually the absence of style—reduces the role of the creative artist to that of a copyist. Taken entirely on the principle of realism, this kind of theater seems to me the contradiction of theater . . . .

Lyubimov's repudiation of realism (another source of contention with the Soviet authorities) leads him toward a hallucinatory style that is non-linear, spasmodic, hypnotic. It is also a style that annihilates the fourth wall and includes the audience as a character in the play. From the moment we enter, we are implicated in the action—led through a narrow passageway as a mute woman directs our attention toward mannequins of Raskolnikov's two female victims, toward a bloodstained door, toward our own images in a bloodied mirror. What setting there is is all arranged in a corner stage left: a jerry-built construction consisting of doors, a stairway, windows, an icon illuminated by a glowing light. A sound collage mixed with a musical score (by Adison Denisov) persistently intrudes into the action, as the acting ensemble forms itself into a disorderly mass, decorated with newspapers, smoke, beams of light. Huge silhouettes of the principals are projected on the back wall by powerful klieg lights—sometimes these are silhouettes of objects, like tables or chairs, against which other characters pretend to lean. People talk to shadows, or dance with them, in this ghostly world of shades—a world both vacant and crammed with objects that forms itself into the penumbral shapes of Raskolnikov's disordered mind.

In Lyubimov's theater, these objects assume a life of their own. As the story unfolds in desultory fashion, pieces of plot forming like tiles in a mosaic and characters emerging from the shadows to announce their obsessions, things take the saddle and ride mankind. Raskolnikov's ax is a principal player from the very first moment when a disheveled vagrant slams it violently into the stage floor. Porfiry's pocket watch turns into a mesmerist's prop, as the investigator dangles it before the eyes of his entangled quarry. At one point, Porfiry puts a chair on his head; at another, he skips rope with a hangman's noose.

But the central image of the production is a door, the bloodstained door to the murdered pawnbroker's room. Other doors appear frequently throughout the evening—one that mysteriously appears in the back of the stage, another forming

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the trap through which Svidrigailov descends when announcing he's "gone to America." But it is the pawnbroker's door that figures in all of Raskolnikov's hallucinations—at one point even attaching itself to his back, then finding an independent purchase in the center of the stage and pivoting on an invisible axis. The shaft of thin vertical light that so often illuminates Raskolnikov's body eventually proves to be cast by the edge of that door itself, as if the murderer were being permanently marked by the physical environment of his victim.

Lyubimov's demanding stage technique is realized fully by the staff of the Arena Stage. I wish I could say that his histrionic demands were equally fulfilled. The cast assembled for this production is gallant but generally too normal and domestic, too immersed in those realistic conventions the director deplores, to catch the feverish delirium of Dostoyevsky's vision as expressed in the phantasmagoric adaptation Lyubimov created with Yuri Karyakin. Richard Bauer as Porfiry, hunched like Uriah Heep, is at least willing to take some risks when he is not exploiting his mannerisms; Randle Mell as Raskolnikov and Kevin Tighe as Svidrigailov penetrate partly, if not totally, into the dark hearts of their tormented characters; and while the women are weak, there are committed performances in smaller roles. But on the whole, the cast is too bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, too healthy, too rooted in the back yards of America, to inhabit fully these brain-fevered, diseased Russian characters.

Considering that Lucian Pintilie directed a brilliantly acted and equally hallucinated *Wild Duck* at the Arena under similar conditions, one might conclude that the emotional shortcomings of this *Crime and Punishment* are due less to budgetary constraints on rehearsal time or free-lancing directing procedures or the inadequacies of American acting, as Frank Rich has charged, than to mistakes in the casting process itself, combined with the problem of Lyubimov's trying to communicate the techniques of an extreme acting style in a foreign tongue. Regardless of these difficulties, we are fortunate to have this theater artist in our country and we should be grateful to the Arena Stage for making his visit possible. For a few weeks, Americans have the opportunity to see a legendary production by one of the world's most original and visionary directors, and this must be regarded as a luxury in any theatrical season. □

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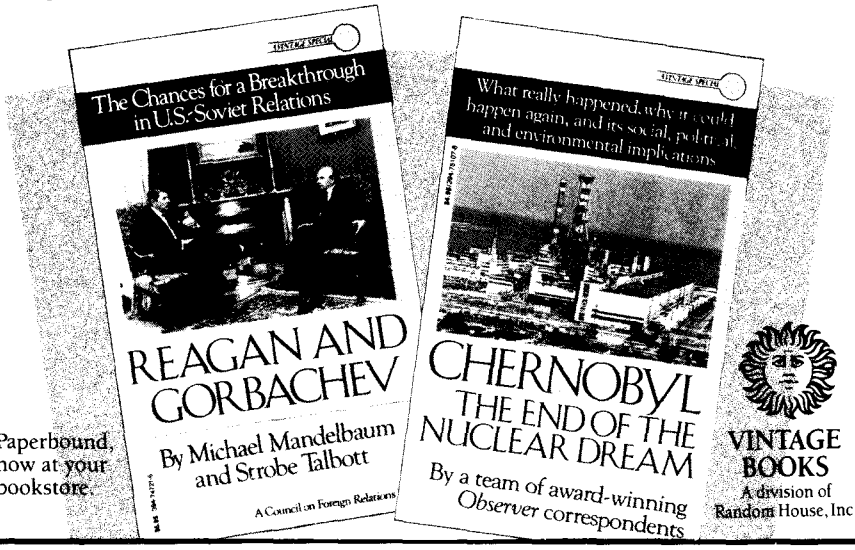
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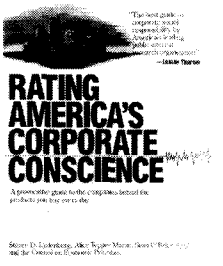

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You say tomato, I say tomato.

TALK TALK

BY LOUIS MENAND

IN 1897 James Murray, the first editor of *The Oxford English Dictionary*, paid a courtesy visit to one of the most prolific of his "voluntary readers"—the army of retired curates, amateur philologists, widows, and other people with time on their hands who supplied the dictionary with the hundreds of thousands of quotations needed to illustrate the history of words. The reader was a Dr. W. C. Minor, who gave his address as Crowthorne in Berkshire. When Murray arrived, he was driven from the station to an imposing brick building that seemed too large to be a house. In fact, he discovered, it was not a house; it was the Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum. Dr. Minor was an inmate.

The story has piquancy not only because it suggests the ad hoc conditions in which the world's most famous dictionary was produced, but because the enterprise itself had something of a lunatic quality. The notion that the entire written record of English might be sifted for quotations that would document every word in use since 1150; that every change in meaning and usage to the present day might be accounted for by this method and summarized in a book; and that the whole business might be run (as it was for many years) out of an iron shed in the editor's back yard, smacks of a peculiarly Victorian craziness.

James Murray was not an Edward Casaubon, of course. He approached the work in a spirit of high drama—he lived with his words, and spoke of them with a kind of frightening intimacy (he refers in one of his letters to "the terrible word *Black* and its Derivatives"). And he did not regard the dictionary in a transcendental light: he did not imagine that his years of toil would be rewarded by a peek at the secrets of consciousness. But even he shared in the fantastic expectations of the *OED*'s originators. They calculated that the project would fill four volumes—about 7,000 pages—and, with Murray, a tiny band of assistants, and the unpaid readers doing all the work, be delivered in ten years. Progress was even delayed at times by protracted haggling over the distribution of the expected profits. In the end, the thing required 13 volumes and almost 16,000 pages; it took 54 years to complete (the last volume appeared in 1933); and it cost the Oxford University Press £300,000.

It improves our respect for the judgment of those 19th-century lexicographical planners to learn that when work on the *Supplement* to the *OED* was begun in 1957, projections were made that proved to be overly optimistic in just about the same degree: a single volume of 1,275 pages, requiring seven years of work, was envisioned. The fourth and final volume finally appeared last May, 29 years later; the total number of pages is 5,646.

A Supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary, Volume 4: Se-Z
edited by R. W. Burchfield
(Oxford University Press, 1,454 pp., $150)

The Story of English
by Robert McCrum, William Cran, and Robert MacNeil
(Elisabeth Sifton Books/Viking, 384 pp., $24.95)

American Talk: The Words and Ways of American Dialects
by Robert Hendrickson
(Viking, 231 pp., $18.95)

Take My Word For It
by William Safire
(Times Books, 357 pp., $22.50)

A Word or Two Before You Go . . . .
by Jacques Barzun
(Wesleyan University Press, 190 pp., $14.95)

Adam's Task: Calling Animals by Name
by Vicki Hearne
(Knopf, 274 pp., $17.95)

On its own terms, of course, the *Supplement* is a masterpiece. Beyond its obvious philological usefulness, it serves as a kind of anthology of 20th-century writing in English—an almost surreal anthology, in which sentences from Joyce and Lawrence find echoes in forestry journals, medical textbooks, and the novels of Mickey Spillane. It is probably the most addictively browsable book ever published. And browsing is a perfect way to use it, for when one lifts one's head from its pages, it is like waking from a dream of knowledge.

But the *Supplement* is in some respects an even crazier enterprise than the original. The *OED* is a monument to the idea that the printed word is the essence of a language, to the idea of the cultural centrality of the book. It is in fact the consummation of that idea: it is a book written by books. Regarded as the record of usage in the published writing of the 20th century, the *Supplement* is (except by the standards of some fabulous Borgesian dictionary-of-the-fourth-dimension) beyond judgment. But the record of usage in published writing is not the record of the language, and the special craziness of the *Supplement* arises not only from the fact of the enormous proliferation of printed material since the 19th century, which gives the operation its Sisyphean character, but from the more significant fact of the technology of the reproduction of speech. The 18th and 19th centuries were the era of the book; the 20th begins the era of the spoken word.

R. W. Burchfield, the editor of all four volumes of the *Supplement*, has met these challenges with a contradictory policy. The browser of the *Supplement* notices immediately the exercise of a principled unselectivity in the matter of including words. Scientific terms ("umohoite": "a hydrous uranyl molybdate"), words not naturalized in English ("songkok": "a cap worn by Malays"), brand names ("Slinky," "Triscuit"), and words generally associated with speech ("yum": "an exclamation of pleasurable anticipation, with implication of sensual or gustatory satisfaction") have all been treated as philological equals. But of course their inclusion has in every case been justified by quotations from written sources, and here the browser will sense an effort to record whenever possible a highbrow use, with a result that is sometimes a little comic—so that "yucky," in the sense of "messy, 'gooey,' " is supported by a citation from the *Times Literary*

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Supplement ("Peanut butter, that yucky staple standby of the American snack-eater").

Or take the case of an ancient English word that Murray (to his regret) could not treat in the parent dictionary. One of the most common 20th-century uses of "fucking" in speech is as a virtually empty intensifier: "He led the fucking platoon up the fucking hill." This usage is documented in the *Supplement* with quotations from: James Joyce (1922), Frederic Manning (1929), John Dos Passos (1930), Dylan Thomas (1939), Doris Lessing (1960), W. H. Auden (1969), and *IT* (the first British underground paper: "The Youngbloods . . . are so fucking good they can do spontaneous albums" [1971]).

The inference that a taboo word is likely to be found in highbrow writing well before it shows up in popular literature (if that is in fact what the quotations are meant to show) is provocative. But what the entry demonstrates most pointedly is that against the background of its actual use, a word's literary history is a drastically circumscribed thing. (The insult to common speech is aggravated in the case of "fuck" by the curious absence in any quotation of a frequent, and semantically mysterious, use of the word in the phrase "Fuck you.")

IN SHORT, although all words are equal in the *Supplement*, some people's sentences are more equal than other people's. In the introduction to the first volume, Burchfield announced his intention to represent "liberally" the vocabularies of major literary figures—noting that Murray had attempted to account for the complete vocabularies of Chaucer, Gower, Shakespeare, and other (pre-19th-century) writers. Thus the inclusion of nonce words—invented words or words used in a unique sense—from the works of anthologized writers: T. S. Eliot is cited for "smokefall," Joyce for "smellsip," and so forth. Auden is credited with two words—"Princeton-First-Year" and "plain sewing" (denoting unspecified homosexual practices)—that he claimed to have included in a book review expressly to ensure that he would be cited in the *OED*.

But this practice only highlights the increasingly anachronistic character of the *OED*'s method: Who regards contemporary poets as arbiters of usage? And it reminds us that granting authority to the written word means excluding

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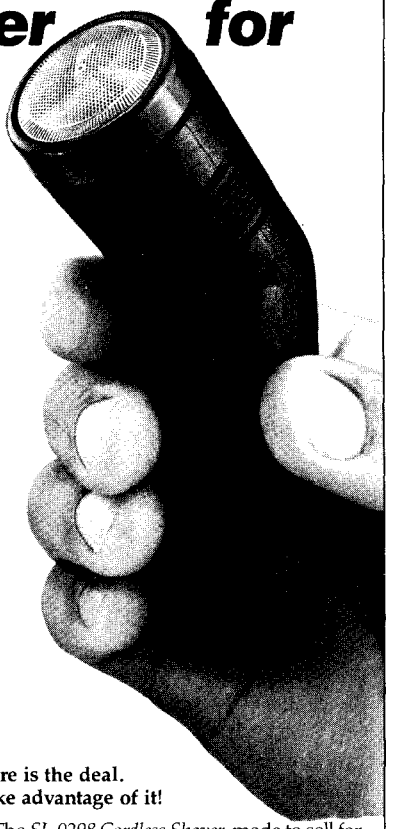

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all but a tiny fraction of language users from the "official" history of usage. Why isn't a *bad* poet's coinage for "evening"—or, for that matter, why isn't some "erroneous" usage in an office memo, or my term of abuse for my cat—as much a part of 20th-century English as Eliot's "smokefall"? The answer, of course, is that insofar as language is regarded as a list of meanings, there are as many languages as there are language users, and no dictionary maker can undertake to account for them all. But language is not a list of meanings—which is why although dictionaries can provide information about language, language cannot be found in dictionaries.

THE FOURTH volume of the *Supplement* marks the end of the *OED*'s growth as a book (though a microphotographic edition of the entire, collated dictionary will eventually appear). But it is not the end of the *OED*: it will continue to expand, on the model of Lexis and Nexis, on laser disk—a neat commentary on the culture of print. Another commentary, fitting in its own way, was the appearance last fall, a few months after the last volume in the 107-year career of the *OED* was published, of the public television series "The Story of English." For "The Story of English" is a history of language for the television age: it tells the tale almost entirely in terms of speech.

One of the great fears of people who associate technology with cultural homogenization has been that radio and television will mean the standardization of speech, as listeners pick up cues for pronunciation and usage from announcers who have been selected specifically for the blandness of their speech patterns. This anxiety was actually matched for a time in England by an anxiety on the part of the BBC that announcers would inadvertently spread *bad* habits of pronunciation and usage unless they were schooled otherwise—which led to the establishment in 1926 of an Advisory Committee on Spoken English (C. T. Onions, one of the editors of the *OED*, was a member; so were George Bernard Shaw, Kenneth Clark, and Alistair Cooke), and thus to the invention of an essentially artificial dialect: BBC English.

But there is a sense in which telecommunications (assisted by the permutations of the zeitgeist) has had something like the opposite effect. Radio and television thrive on variety; by their natures, they make salient—in a way written language, which of course is far more standardized than speech, cannot—the sounds of difference in the way people talk. And they often make those differences seem worth cultivating, if only because the ear perks up at a new style of noise. It is because of radio that white working-class Liverpudlians decided they wanted to sound like black American blues singers. It is because of television that people in Maine (and probably people in Milan) know that "tubular" means "awesome" in the San Fernando Valley, and can even reproduce the local pronunciation. Television, which can make and break usages overnight, is the mocker of dictionaries.

SPANNING the globe to bring us the constant variety of speech, "The Story of English," with Robert MacNeil as host, celebrates this new world with an enthusiasm that is a little unexamined. The program's thoroughgoing egalitarianism about language use—pidgin is as good as Received Standard—has provoked (as its producers no doubt hoped it would) a few solemn protests from guardians of the tongue. But the pleasure the show takes in dialectical difference is the most attractive thing about it: this is, or should be, precisely the ideological point of television. And its vision of global linguistic miscegenation is unusually bold and appealing.

What *is* disturbing is the show's (and the accompanying book's) colossal, overweening, unblinking chauvinism about its subject. It seems that English is destined to become the first language of the world—not because of anything the British navy and the American dollar might have wrought, but because it's such a wonderful language. We learn that English is the universal language of air traffic controllers; it's the official language of the Olympics, the Miss Universe competition, and the World Council of Churches; it is (a Strauss waltz swells on the sound track) the language in which Kurt Waldheim's message "on behalf of the people of our planet" was broadcast into outer space from Voyager One. It's as though English had been made the subject of an episode of "Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous," and there are moments during the survey of the language's history when one can almost hear, beneath MacNeil's measured Canadian accents, the unmistakable cadence of Robin Leach: "It's hard to imagine that the language of this savage people would one day become the most widely spoken in the world."

In this respect "The Story of English" shares an ambition with the makers of the *OED*. A mid-Victorian faith in the glorious future of British culture inspired some of the members of the Philological Society of London when it undertook to be the dictionary's original sponsor; one of the most enthusiastic, F. J. Furnivall, envisioned the dictionary as "a National Portrait Gallery . . . of the race of English words which is to form the dominant speech of the world." The television series sounds at moments like a late echo of that sentiment: "The African sun set on the Union Jack," MacNeil announces in the opening segment, "but not on the English language."

The companion book for "The Story of English," by Robert McCrum (who also wrote the script for the series) in collaboration with William Cran and MacNeil, is much less effective than the show in its celebration of linguistic polyphony. Like Robert Hendrickson's *American Talk*, which gives a similarly picturesque and upbeat account of American dialect forms, it suffers from an obvious ontological problem: it is a book about speech. This leads to various orthographical expedients that only make the distinction between talking and writing seem invidious, which is exactly the sort of thing the authors want to attack. In Hendrickson's book, for instance, black speakers say, "Sho' nuf"—but what does the apostrophe replace, and isn't "nuf" the way all speakers pronounce the second syllable of "enough"?

THE STORY OF ENGLISH is also not a particularly thoughtful piece of writing. It is riddled with trivial errors: "pacification" as a military euphemism predates the war in Vietnam; New Orleans is not the capital of Louisiana; Rhode Island is not an island; an idiom is not an aphorism; and so forth. And it is filled with sentences that range from the silly ("The year the Anglo-Saxons first crossed the sea . . . the odds against English becoming a world language were about a million to one") to the bizarre ("[English's] genius was, and still is, essentially democratic. It has given expression to the voice of freedom from Wat Tyler . . . to Martin Luther King") to the alarming ("In retrospect, that settlement [of the North American continent], and the extension of the sway of the English language into a potentially huge arena, seems inevitable, obvious and natural").

What is most conspicuously missing from *The Story of English*, as this last sen-

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tence illustrates, is any kind of realistic awareness of the political context of language use. "The passion for English [in China] drives people to make extraordinary sacrifices," the book explains. "A young man whose monthly wages are 36 yuan spends one-third of his total income on English classes, dictionaries, cassettes, novels." But why? To read Jane Austen in the original? One of the advantages the television program has over the book is that we can hear for ourselves in interview after interview the truth the narrative pointedly ignores: that people learn English to get ahead in those parts of the world increasingly dominated by American culture, and that they are perfectly aware that being dialect speakers on the margins of the language means being deprived of access to certain desirable kinds of opportunity. Students of the language need to avoid judging people by their usage, but they should not forget that judging people by their usage is something users of the language do all the time.

NOW THAT the schools have more or less abandoned the responsibility, passing judgment on speech has become semi-institutionalized in our society in the columns and commentaries of the so-called "pop grammarians." The label is a little unfair, since talking about talk is, or ought to be, a kind of right of cultural citizenship. But the unfairness reflects a suspicion that usage commentators are not really talking about talk at all: they are trying to tell us how to live.

William Safire, who writes the "On Language" column for the *New York Times Magazine*, is usually counted among these linguistic authoritarians—*The Story of English* lists him with Edwin Newman and John Simon as one of the "high priests of correct English usage" whose writings "play to a wide public anxiety about the changing language." But Safire is not really the high priest he seems; he's a descriptivist in prescriptivist's clothing.

Like most people in what he calls "the usage dodge," Safire's attitude toward linguistic change is a function of his attitude toward social and political change generally. And sociopolitically, Safire is a (self-proclaimed) libertarian conservative: his motto is "Let thinking people decide for themselves." (He opposes, for example, the suppression of pornography.) Thus he can sometimes sound like a subscriber to the principle that "The native speaker is never wrong"—a principle dreaded by most usage experts for the obvious reason that if natives cannot be wrong, they can have no use for experts. Safire sees nothing incorrect about "It's me," for instance, on grounds that "when established idiom clashes with grammar, correctness is on the side of the idiom." And he determines the number of the noun "savings" by administering a broccoli-or-spinach test: "I say that 'savings *is*' sounds funny and if something sounds funny I say to hell with it." He has (like Shakespeare) little Latin and less Greek, and he regards with skepticism the language dictator's secret weapon, etymology.

Safire reprints letters from readers when he publishes his columns as books; it's an attractive custom, and the letters are sometimes as informative as the columns themselves. But they reveal the remarkable extent to which the column's readers take its author to be an embattled champion of "standards." This happy misprision can be attributed to Safire's canny ability (developed perhaps during his tenure as a speechwriter in the Nixon White House) to make fun of the neologisms, solecisms, and Alexander Haigisms he dissects without ever quite registering disapproval.

The task of having the fun look serious is made easier by Safire's trick of picking targets that are inherently mock-

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able: corporate types, yuppies, bureaucrats, and, especially, politicians (just as "60 Minutes" plays crusader by attacking people—medical quacks, arms dealers, executives of chemical companies—no one wants to defend). But Safire does occasionally slip into an authoritarian mode, casting out newness. He justifies these disciplinarian moments with the following baffling syllogism: "In a thousand years, change will win, but if we do not fight change, there will not be much left to be changed"—in other words, it's a pointless job, but somebody's got to do it.

When this mood strikes, Safire finds himself confronted by every linguistic lawgiver's dilemma: how to make a usage everyone manages to live perfectly comfortably with seem like another step on the road to anarchy. Safire takes Jane Russell and Playtex severely to task for the phrase "For we full-figured gals," only to have a reader (Henrietta Wexler of Washington, D.C.) point out that no doubt "we" is used instead of the grammatical "us" because it sounds more ladylike—just as the "us" in "Us Tareyton smokers" suggests a manly indifference to the niceties of proper usage. Similarly, Safire makes exceedingly heavy weather of a promiscuous use of the virgule (/) and other offenses against sense and syntax in a Henri Bendel's ad. But advertisers don't care about sense and syntax; they care about attracting attention. If they want to treat punctuation like paint, dabbing it here and there on the page, let them. No one will get the wrong idea. In usage, as in meaning, context is all.

JACQUES BARZUN, former dean, provost, and university professor at Columbia, is an authority often cited by Safire when he wants to throw cold water on a usage but needs someone else to look like a pedant for doing it. For where Safire fiddles, Barzun burns. His brief pieces on language, written over many years and to meet a variety of occasions, attack, but with the prescriptive and proscriptive fervor missing from the "On Language" columns, the same kind of stock villains that Safire's do—psychiatrists, sociologists, advertising copywriters—along with a few real pigeons: Esperanto, Basic English, and the advocates of phonetic spelling. But Barzun reserves a special fury for the depredations of copy editors.

Barzun's diatribe against copy editors, drawn from a longer screed he published two years ago in the *American Scholar*, is a piece of work—though it does perform the useful service of exploding the assumption that punctiliousness about language is the token of a civil nature. Like many writers, Barzun has been frustrated at times by having to undo changes made in his copy by editors who missed an allusion, or who followed some rigid requirement of house style beyond the bounds of good sense, or who sought counterproductively to improve clarity with a new word or a different phrasing. The frustrations of editing (which, he can be sure, run in both directions) are part of the business of writing for publication. This is the style of generosity in which Barzun reflects on the situation: "It is a paradox that when language at large is being roughly treated by the heedless, a set of rigid notions and worthless rules are being enforced by the unliterary and ill-educated." And he accuses copy editors of "error, confusion, arrogance, and coercion, all doing damage to style and intellectual independence."

"Perhaps nervous fiddling becomes an uncontrollable habit when one earns one's bread by striking, slashing, changing," Barzun muses. The sentence sums up exactly the social context the piece pretends does not exist. Most copy editors are young and earn perhaps a tenth of the income Barzun earns. Their job is to render uniform and unambiguous material generally written by people who make far less of a fetish of correctness than Barzun does. The task is often difficult, since it is in the nature of even the most careless writers to be wounded when their copy is changed. And it is in the nature of the business of writing that when the editor improves the story, the writer gets the credit. The notion that the people who, without prospect of greater reward, attempt to enhance that credit are really engaged in sabotage smacks of superciliousness. When Barzun writes that "current jargon and vulgarisms ... [are] perhaps the copy editor's native tongue," he is guilty of basing a personal and social judgment on merely literary evidence. When he writes that "many an editor is determined to furnish thoughts out of her own stock to eke out the author's poor supply," he is guilty of something worse. For it is the only sentence in the entire book in which the feminine pronoun is used when the gender is unspecified.

Barzun does offer a few hints about the social vision that informs his critique of other people's usage:

> Two of the causes of decline in *all* modern European languages have been: the doctrines of linguistic "science" and the example of "experimental" art. They come together on the principle of Anything Goes—not in so many words, usually, but in unmistakable effect.

And elsewhere he attributes the decay of the language to "the poets and novelists of the last hundred years. It was they who taught us to reassign meanings to words—not occasionally but steadily—at the same time as they showed for syntax a disregard all too easy to imitate." This analysis has the advantage of all reductive generalizations: by explaining everything, it makes more thoughtful discriminations seem supererogatory. Having identified the villain, the author feels free to spend the rest of the time railing at the victims.

The obvious difficulty with Barzun's larger picture is one that often undermines prescriptive talk about talk: If language abuse is simply the outer sign of some profound social disease, why should we waste time curing the symptom? But in fact writers like Barzun do have a reason for naming and rooting out language deviants. It is to identify those members of the group who are not to be trusted in the larger matter of curing the disease. If this is so, then surely we have a right to turn the tables. Should we trust someone who writes, as Barzun does in his final essay, "On the Necessity of a Common Tongue," that blacks are among the groups in our society who "speak ... English unwillingly or with difficulty"? The characterization reveals a sensibility of astonishing impercipience. What does Barzun think American blacks are speaking—African?

THE JACKET of Vicki Hearne's *Adam's Task: Calling Animals by Name* features blurbs by a variety of luminaries. One of these is the distinguished philosopher of mind A. J. Ayer, who offers this tribute: "I much enjoyed Vicki Hearne's book, and I learned a great deal from it about the possibilities of communicating with domestic animals." Since Ayer is not famous because of his way with dogs and cats, the newcomer to Hearne's book may feel justified in wondering what the fuss is all about. Reading the book may not be immediately helpful, as some of the reviews have shown. One confronts a book that seems to be a treatise on the proper

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training of dogs and horses but that reads like a study in moral philosophy, embellished with references to Aristotle, *The Faerie Queene*, Wittgenstein, and Stanley Cavell. The solution to this contradiction is that *Adam's Task* is a study in moral philosophy that works as philosophy only because its author is genuinely obsessed with the practical problems of training dogs and horses.

Still, it is easy to be put off. The writing is an engine that could not be more beautifully tuned. But like all good stylists, especially those whose prose seems perfectly transparent, Hearne has a domineering authorial personality. The reader chafes at the throat-clearing self-references ("I understand myself to be writing about Washoe's [a chimp's] *training*"), at the name-dropping ("I take *happiness* to have at least the range of significance Aristotle saw in it"), at the blanket pronouncements ("I do believe that things like education by and large serve to defraud humans of their own interests and sometimes thereby of their souls"), at the use of Ripley's Believe-It-Or-Not anecdotes about tracking dogs and jumping horses to make philosophical points.

This affective response to Hearne's text is not beside the point; in an important sense it *is* the point. For *Adam's Task* is one of the most perfect realizations of the conversational style of ordinary language philosophy: we resist the blandishments of its style at every stage because we are meant to resist them. If we find the writing pretentious, or extravagant, or obnoxious, or too smooth to be true, it is because its author wants to break us of the habit of reading passively and to force us to become active participants in a conversation.

THE BOOK'S style enacts its program. Hearne's polemical point about animal training is that both the behaviorists and those she calls the "humaniacs"—people who are "kind" to dogs and horses—do not understand animals because they do not understand the way language works. "The investigation of animal consciousness, like the investigation of human consciousness, is centrally an investigation of language," she explains, "and this ought to remind us of what an investigation of language is." Skinnerians and sentimentalists confuse "talking to" with "talking at." They leave no room in their worldview for the notion that the animal they are addressing is simultaneously addressing them. They fail to realize that to talk—even to give commands or to murmur sweet nothings—is to engage in conversation.

But is this a book about people talking to dogs or is it "really" a book about people talking to people? To assume that the stories Hearne tells about animal training are merely allegorical is to miss the genuineness of her commitment to her subject. At the same time, though, the emphasis on the nitty-gritty of animal training is exactly what makes the metaphysics credible. Ordinary language philosophy and its offspring have always grounded themselves in the empirical: when the later Wittgenstein writes about language, he wants to know what happens at the level of everyday talk; when Stanley Cavell (Hearne's immediate model) writes about film, he keeps returning to the experience of actually sitting in a movie theater watching a movie. Hearne's meditations on the language of dog and horse training are meditations on the language of everyday life because she regards dogs and horses as part of the social, human world. There is, for her, no metaphysical difference between communicating with a horse by sitting on its back and tapping it with your heels and communicating with a colleague by standing in front of him or her and holding forth verbally. What is brilliant about the book is that it presents a compelling view of conversation by discussing relationships in which one of the partners cannot "talk" at all.

As impressive as the book is, there are sides to its argument that even the canniest literary style cannot make wholly appealing. This is a book about the nature of obedience; its subtext accuses the modern world of having abandoned, in its recoil from the horrors of fascist authoritarianism, the virtuous uses of authority. Thus the dignity of trained dogs and the nobility of trained horses are made to stand as mementos of what we lost when we shirked our responsibility to lead, to instruct, to command—and to be led and instructed by others.

Hearne's argument depends on the premise that the essence of dogness is, *mutatis mutandis*, the essence of humanness—that the experience of successful training, which she compares to the experience of creating a successful work of art, touches on the reality of what it means to be human. The trouble is that her notion of the human virtues is not universalist at all, but quite culturally specific. A sense of duty, selflessness, noblesse oblige—she wants all her dogs to be like Sir Philip Sidney. Those attributes of character were no doubt fine in the Renaissance, and retrospect makes them seem finer still. But this is not the Renaissance, and different cultural dispensations require different virtues.

Still, *Adam's Task* is a message to language prescriptivists. It reminds them that language is not a series of words, or a checklist of correct and incorrect usages, not the contents of the dictionary. Nor is it something that can be learned by rote: teaching someone not to say "hopefully" when he or she means "I hope" is not teaching someone how to use the language. If our future as a society somehow depends on the way we talk, it will help us to talk about talk with the tolerance and patience and even the inconclusiveness that is the spirit of a good conversation.

GULAG IN GORKY

Alone Together
by Elena Bonner
translated by Alexander Cook

(Knopf, 270 pp., $17.95)

Elena Bonner's artless, uneven, and spunky book has been underrated. It is an outpouring of pent-up fear, frustration, elation, and anger that describes very explicitly her experiences, and her husband's, between 1983 and 1986. The catharsis is all the more intense because throughout her account a sadistic clock is ticking, louder and louder. At the time of the book's writing, Bonner had been released from her Gorky prison; she had come to America, but only on parole. And after six months of exhausting and intoxicating freedom she would return,

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in June 1986, "to the old world of unfreedom, familiar and joyless." There the formula for survival would, once again, be stoic endurance.

The book's let-it-all-hang-out style illuminates the human aspects of the Sakharovs' saga better than more circumspect methods could hope to do. Bonner's report will complement as well as extend her husband's lengthy memoirs, which conclude in 1983 and are currently being edited for publication by Alfred Knopf.

ALONE TOGETHER describes one of the most extraordinary struggles in history between a state and an individual—or, in this case, two individuals. The life-threatening cut and thrust of this contest includes, in Bonner's tale, some important tactical victories for the Sakharovs, one serious defeat, and then, with Bonner's departure for America in December 1985, a strategic advance. Yet she answers her own question as to whether a future liberalization of the regime is likely with the skeptical words "I doubt it somehow." And she has little or no optimism about being released from Gorky. Of course, since the book was written, the Sakharovs have finally been allowed to return to Moscow. Their return gives their struggle added resonance and drama. But it also means that a judgment is sorely needed as to whether the Kremlin's human rights policy is changing at last.

The Sakharovs' case has not been different, in many respects, from hundreds of others. The KGB's "standard operating procedures" dictate that if a dissident cannot be made to recant, he should be forced into emigration or silenced. If he cannot be silenced, even in captivity, he should somehow be brought close to death, so that he either gives up out of fear or weakness, or conveniently dies—in circumstances where blame cannot be clearly pinned on the authorities.

The Sakharovs' case has been unique, rather, in limited ways. By 1980, Sakharov was a sufficiently eminent figure in the world that he could not be imprisoned; he could only be exiled—and without trial. In exile, however, silencing him was more difficult than it would have been in prison. Thus a bigger than usual battery of measures was deployed to shut him up. These measures were so stringent that eventually they led to the Sakharovs' being more comprehensively cut off from the outside world than even the inmates of top-security prisons. And, in view of the Sakharovs' having reached their early 60s and of Bonner's poor health, the measures focused significantly on the "death solution." Finally, it was more important to silence Sakharov than to silence an average dissident, because his silence would demoralize not just him, but also the large number of dissident groups that looked to him as their moral leader and best spokesman.

WHAT resources did the Soviet state mobilize against this aging couple? Heading a long list are doctors. It is widely known, of course, that a number of Soviet psychiatrists will, at the KGB's prompting, diagnose dissidents as insane, and give them torturous drug treatment. But fewer people realize that the counterparts to these psychiatrists exist in every branch of Soviet medicine. What unites all these doctors is their readiness to violate the Hippocratic Oath by deliberately harming their patients.

Of the many medical episodes of physical and mental cruelty that are documented in Bonner's book, perhaps the most sinister involved the visit of a senior KGB official to Gorky in 1984. The day after his arrival from Moscow Sakharov was forcibly injected with an unknown substance and suffered either a stroke or a severe cerebral spasm. A little later the head of the medical team, Dr. Oleg Obukhov, soon to be awarded the title "Honored Doctor of the U.S.S.R.," informed him: "We won't allow you to die.... However, you *will* become a helpless invalid." A colleague chimed in: "You'll be incapable of putting on your own trousers." And despite the vehement protests of Bonner, herself a doctor, Sakharov's irregular heartbeat was repeatedly treated with drugs that textbooks and his medical history showed to be harmful to him.

In this connection Bonner remarks that consultants in Sakharov's case came to Gorky from the Moscow Cardiological Center, run by Dr. Evgeny Chazov, a co-founder of International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War (IPPNW) and co-winner of the Nobel Peace Prize in 1985. She notes also that a close colleague of Chazov's in IPPNW is Dr. Marat Vartanian, a discredited psychiatrist who has repeatedly lied to foreigners about the political abuse of psychiatry, and that nothing came of requests to Chazov by foreign colleagues to facilitate serious treatment of the Sakharovs' heart ailments. She cannot rid herself, in fact, "of a thought that pursues me constantly: Aren't some of the people who tortured my husband members of IPPNW?"

In any event, the mild-mannered Sakharov soon began to call these doctors "the Mengeles of today." He also dismissed any idea of having his wife's heart condition—much more serious than his own—treated in the Soviet Union: she should only be treated abroad. Sakharov believed quite plausibly that if his wife were to die, he would not survive for long in Gorky by himself. And indeed, the couple's resistance throughout their seven years in that city did depend heavily on their ability to support each other. This is how they surmounted successive crises such as Bonner's trial in 1984 and Sakharov's hospitalizations during a half-dozen hunger strikes. When permission for Bonner's trip abroad was denied, Sakharov embarked on several draining hunger strikes—which, 18 months later, eventually achieved their aim. Bonner came to the United States and successfully underwent sextuple bypass surgery.

NEXT ON the Sakharovs' antipathy list, after doctors, are the KGB's filmmakers. Over the years these resourceful operatives shot many hours of videotape of the couple, in numerous locations, without them ever knowing a thing about it. The filmmakers' hidden cameras whirred silently away in the walls of doctors' and dentists' rooms, on the street, in parks, at a garage, in a telephone booth, outside a movie theater. Then they would set to work, editing the footage to convey whatever false message the KGB had requested for deceiving the West—that Sakharov was healthy when he was not, that he could use the phone freely when he could not, and so on. Bonner devotes an entire chapter to dissecting some of the ingenious lies and deceptions that make up these videotapes, eight of which (from ten to 40 minutes each in length) were bought from the KGB and distributed by the West German newspaper *Bild*. Hardest of all for Bonner to bear, as she views the films in America, are the gross invasions of privacy. A half-naked Sakharov, for example, is shown answering personal questions from a doctor, and a sound track broadcasts an intimate conversation between husband and wife, taped by a bug in their apartment. "It is horrible," she writes, "to live under the all-seeing eye of the telescreen (as in *Nine-*

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teen Eighty-Four). These films come out of Orwell's Ministry of Truth."

Closely related to the filmmaking voyeurs are the silent invaders who enter the Sakharovs' apartment at will when they are out, constantly taking things and, usually, replacing them a little later. "This whirlwind of moving objects creates a feeling of a Kafkaesque nightmare," observes Bonner; it makes you think "that you are on a glass slide of a microscope." Other teams of specialists open the Sakharovs' mail—one day to remove the contents and deliver sealed, empty envelopes, the next to insert a dozen fat cockroaches. Or they doctor their outgoing letters and telegrams to create damaging confusion among the recipients. Or they organize relays of secret policemen to be "patients" in hospital wards, trying to manipulate Sakharov through conversation as he lies in a nearby bed. Or they rehearse a group of "train passengers" to threaten Bonner "spontaneously" with a lynching on the Gorky-Moscow railroad when they "learn who she is." Or they induce Sakharov's children by his first wife to try to push him in the currently desired direction. Or they recruit a gutter journalist (Nikolai Yakovlev) to interview the pair and publish articles about them containing little but libel, disinformation, and anti-Semitism. Or they convene a kangaroo court to try Bonner on a variety of false charges and sentence her to five years of exile.

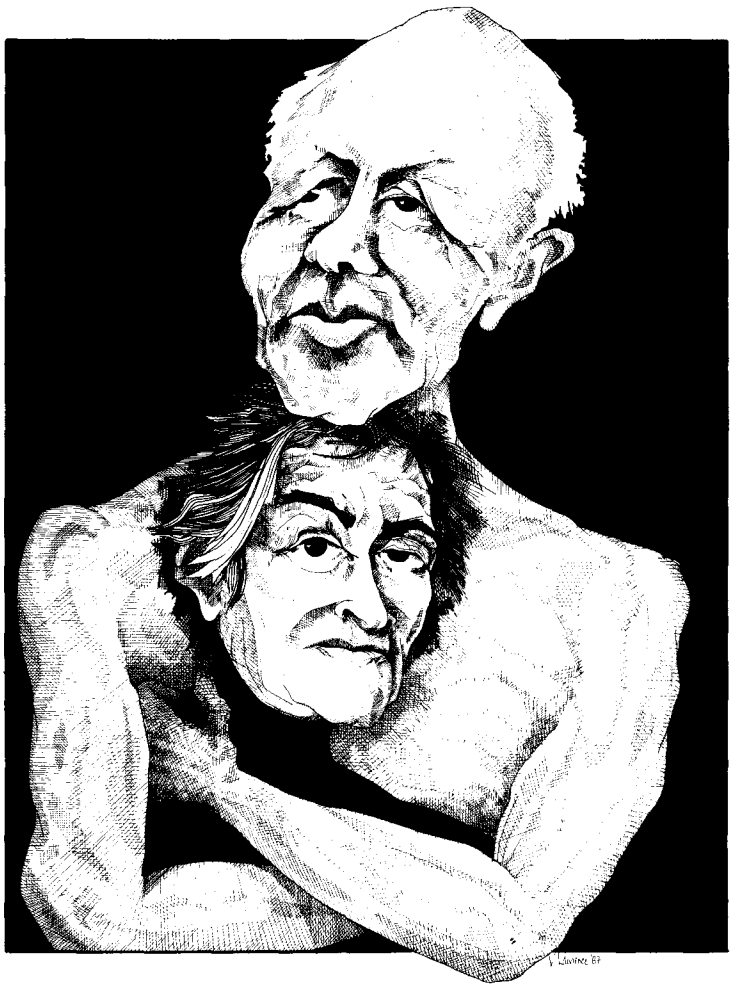
Still other KGB teams worked on the direct manipulation of foreigners and the world media. When the ploy was the tricky one of persuading the outside world that Sakharov was mentally ill, these teams turned out to have the clout to press into service such high-level figures as the president of the Academy of Sciences, and even Yuri Andropov, the leader of the country. But the most continuous effort went into trying to convince foreign scientists, statesmen, politicians, and other VIPs who expressed concern about Sakharov that only "quiet diplomacy"—and on no account public pressure—would help him. Bonner believes that by now the Westerners who act on this "advice" do so cynically, knowing they are playing the Kremlin's game. Such people

> go to Moscow to meet with the scientific establishment and talk about disarmament, contacts, exchanges, and Sakharov. Why not, if it's in someone's office and done quietly, so that no one learns of it? That won't even annoy the Soviets and you can report back to the West that you did have the talk.

Bonner is understandably upset that this mode of thought infects, on occasion, the American government. Last spring, for example, she was invited to the White House. But she was ushered up the backstairs, to be received not by the president but by his national security adviser. Admiral Poindexter explained that, in the administration's view, her husband could be helped best by quiet diplomacy. He was not receptive to the Sakharovs' deeply held view that publicity is essential. "I'm sorry," she comments bitterly, that "I didn't see the famous Oval Office, or the garden where the president signed a proclamation declaring Andrei Sakharov Day. I won't be able to tell Andrei what they look like. But I will certainly describe the backstairs to him."

Bonner's resilience shows up best in the humor with which she infuses some of these tales of official spite. In 1981, their old car was "stolen." Eventually it was returned, "but only its remains—everything that could be unscrewed had been taken, and the tires were replaced by bald ones." In due course they got it into shape, but

> in the years that followed a strange situation developed with this inanimate object. Whenever the authorities did not like something, it was our car that suffered. Either two tires would be punctured, or a window smashed or smeared with glue. This was how we knew we had done something bad by their standards: perhaps we had managed to talk to someone on the street . . . , or gone to the wrong place, or refused to see Dr. Obukhov or another doctor. There are many sins and only one car; so it suffers, poor thing.



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Another scene is straight out of Gogol. When Bonner is driven home one day from a KGB interrogation, a man near the house addresses her: "Elena Georgievna Bonner? Allow me to introduce myself." Afraid that he is a dissident seeking her help, and conscious of the KGB men who have just dropped her off, she quickly tells him to make himself scarce before he is arrested. He stands his ground. "Allow me to introduce myself," he repeats. "I am the chief of the KGB of Gorky region."

Can the leopard change its spots? Or at least some of its spots? Can a regime capable of investing such resources, without apparent strain, in so many forms of cruelty against an elderly cou-

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ple, reform itself on human rights? Let us review the evidence, bearing in mind from the start that the Gorbachev regime still has far to go before it reaches the almost benign-seeming standards of the late 1970s.

FIRST, the context. Today, the Kremlin's top priority is, indisputably, economic recovery. Without it, political advance at home and abroad appears impossible. To this end—the end of "getting the country moving again"—every available resource needs to be mobilized. Central to Gorbachev's strategy is a thinly disguised "Soviet nationalism," or even Russian nationalism, which puts more stress than in the past on national goals and less on international ones. Intellectuals and other cultural figures are good candidates for mobilization, since the leadership needs new ideas and the Soviet people need an injection of collective self-esteem. Mobilizing these groups costs nothing in economic terms. Hence the greater openness in many areas of Soviet culture, including the attempts to persuade the theater director Yuri Lyubimov and other defectors and émigrés to return home. Similarly, in foreign policy, the apparent aims of the administration have a strong economic component: to reduce tensions all around, to moderate the arms race, to develop trade and scientific and cultural exchanges. All this, it is hoped, will be conducive to economic advance.

In such a context, then, an easing of the harsh policies of the last seven years on human rights would seem logical enough. It would reduce tensions with the West. It would allow at least some dissidents to start contributing again to society. And in the short term, at any rate, the risk would be small; the political weight of most dissident groups is not very great.

What, then, has actually been done under Gorbachev? Most of the well-known dissidents (Shcharansky, Orlov, Sakharov) have, in George Will's phrase, been "brought to market" and sold off in various ways—at gratifying prices in terms either of their direct exchange value or of the less tangible, but just as desirable, goodwill that has accrued. In all, some two dozen individuals with strong lobbies in one or more Western countries have been released early from prison. In some cases, they have been allowed to emigrate. This is out of a total of nearly one thousand dissidents currently documented as being in jail. (The full total is estimated to be several thousand.)

Beyond this, the rate of new arrests of dissidents has declined, though not yet to the low levels of 1975-78. No Jew has been arrested and charged since last summer. Heavy sentences have been notably fewer than in the recent past. Psychiatric internments in prison hospitals have almost stopped, though commitments of a few weeks or months to ordinary mental institutions have remained frequent. A couple of small street demonstrations in Moscow have gone unpunished. Most of the high-profile cases of divided families and medical emergencies have been resolved. And on the international scene, Soviet diplomats now react calmly to representations about human rights, and busily promote their plan to hold a major conference on the subject in Moscow.

All of this is excellent news, of course, for the individuals concerned. But it does not amount, as yet, to substantial change. It is largely a series of diplomatic gestures and public relations ploys, all of them well-calculated (and equally well-implemented) for their effect on international opinion. Still, the recent movement may represent a *preparation* for real change, just as Gorbachev's two years of high-flown rhetoric about "acceleration" and "reconstruction" of the economy may yet be the prelude to real economic reform.

WHAT WOULD real change in the human rights policy of the Soviet Union mean? It would have to involve all or some of the following: (1) an amnesty for political and religious prisoners such as took place quietly in 1964-65 (we should note that Soviet officials have recently been saying that an amnesty of some sort is in fact planned for the near future); (2) Kremlin-led drives to improve prison conditions and prevent dissidents from dying in captivity, and to curb the use of kangaroo courts against dissidents and others; (3) the reopening of the doors to emigration, so that, say, 60,000 people a year could leave, as in 1979, rather than one thousand, as at present; and (4) a broad halt to the jamming of foreign radio stations (as last occurred in 1973, only for jamming to resume in 1980). These are the measures that would give teeth to Gorbachev's currently selective policy of "openness," or *glasnost*, in the media, and that might encourage the legalization of samizdat.

As just indicated, such moves have precedents. Taken together, they would amount to a genuine—though certainly reversible—liberalization of human rights policy. They would involve political risks for Gorbachev and the Politburo majority that would have to sponsor them—just as similar moves involved risks for Khrushchev in the early 1960s and Brezhnev in the late 1970s. But they would not cost anything. (An end to jamming would in fact produce substantial savings.) There would be a big payoff in foreign policy. And, as Sakharov argued in his recent phone conversation with Gorbachev, they would bring long-term social and economic benefits.

Does the release of the Sakharovs, then, strengthen the possibility that a shift in human rights policy, a shift from gestures to real reform, may be imminent? Not necessarily. The Sakharovs remain too much of a special case to be a reliable bellwether. Sakharov has been aged by his Gorky ordeal and is now rather frail. He openly states that his dissident activity will only be intermittent. At present, moreover, most dissident groups are in disarray. Thus the risks involved in releasing Sakharov were decidedly small in comparison with the certain rewards. Public opinion at home and abroad is delighted; scientific exchanges will boom.

AND—the biggest prize of all—Sakharov's critical attitude toward Reagan's SDI can now be exploited by the Soviet leadership to lend authority to its many-pronged campaign to kill this project. Lars-Erik Nelson has already demonstrated how easy it will be to use Sakharov's initial remarks on the subject for this purpose, how his criticism of other aspects of Soviet policy on arms control will actually assist the process. Bonner's book, moreover, shows that her husband's opposition to SDI is not an unexpected windfall for the Kremlin but a dividend it was able to look forward to with confidence. Not for nothing did Dr. Obukhov set medicine aside and conduct probing conversations with Sakharov on how to curb the arms race. Snippets of these were even shown in one of the KGB videotapes.

This, then, is at least part of what Gorbachev had in mind when he invited Sakharov back to Moscow "for patriotic work." He does not, of course, share Sakharov's views on political pluralism and freedom of expression. We must wait and see, therefore, whether or not his administration will make radical concessions in

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these areas. Meanwhile, Bonner's painful chronicle, and the Sakharovs' triumphant return, present us with what must be the most sudden and complete transformation scene in Russian history. Some may see a precedent in the restoration of Alexander I's adviser Speransky to high government office after his deportation to Nizhny Novgorod (later renamed Gorky) in 1812. But Speransky did not pass his years in exile being tormented by myriad divisions of the secret police.

PETER REDDAWAY

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GIVING UP THE GHOST

Faith, Sex, Mystery: A Memoir by Richard Gilman

(Simon and Schuster, 253 pp., $16.95)

There are few things left that can be embarrassing in print, but religion is one of them. Richard Gilman's memoir of a secular Jew's conversion to Catholicism, and then away again because of sex, embarrasses beyond even these expectations. There are the awkward accounts of his sexual fantasies (with Amazonian women); of tortured "relationships" (with an elusive Catholic woman called Ruth); of common bourgeois secrets (prostitutes, pornography, masturbation). Then there is the directness of the discourse, mostly in the style of a confession, but occasionally avoiding even the pretense of narrative. "No, you offered me Grace, how can I get round it? And I spurned it, how can I get round that?" is presumably directed to God. And suddenly, out of nowhere, the memoir speaks, like some emergency radio message, to a figure from the past: "So Ruth, dear dear Ruth, who were you and what was I to you? I'll never forget you, but what am I to remember?" Apart from the occasional forced literary allusion ("I think of Blake's poem"), perhaps the most stable tone is that of a close friend after slightly too much to drink: "I long for the fullness of a family, its continuity and volatile, encompassing reality, all blessings and oppressions." Drink, however, manages to turn such banalities—even volatile, encompassing realities—into serious statements. It is difficult to know what literary device can do the same for this outpouring of Gilman's soul.

This weakness—the explicitness and extreme honesty of the memoir—is also, though, its virtue. We can be sure that Gilman is not dissembling: the account is too painful for that. But the lack of irony it involves also works to undermine the sacredness of the experience. Was it so unspecial that there is nothing to hide? For someone concerned with the importance of mystery, Gilman's openness is a curious paradox.

Still, it is the demand for religious faith that will probably embarrass most people. It is a demand that Gilman's predicament makes all the more uncomfortable. Gilman was a 27-year-old secular Jew in a failing marriage who converted overnight to Roman Catholicism for eight years. His break with the Church came in 1960 and has been a permanent one. It has taken him since then to recount the experience. He does so without the sickly grin or patronizing smugness of the street evangelist. He is strikingly one of us. His argument from faithlessness has a strange appeal, since he insists, despite himself, on what he no longer possesses, on what he no longer affirms, on what he once knew for certain: "after the first swaying of my mind, the thrilling recognition of truth."

This absolutism is the first refreshing surprise. Gilman's conversion after an all-night reading of Etienne Gilson's *The Spirit of Medieval Philosophy* is primarily an intellectual one: dry, exacting, unflinching. He hides none of the spiritual or social contradictions that a Jewish convert to Catholicism must face. He nervously notices the reactions on Catholics' faces when, after his conversion, they learn of his origins. Even at the end, he unconvincingly blames his failure of faith on being a "stiff-necked Jew." There is, in short, no slick ease with religious "experience," no vague attachment to some unidentified and comfortable divinity. His Christianity is defended with the belief that it is true, a truth that overrides, though it never fully dispels, the cultural disquiet Gilman's background gives him. There are none of the familiar, glib references to the Judeo-Christian tradition: once the demand of truth calls, the need for such political and cultural convenience recedes.

And this, perhaps, is the most fruitfully embarrassing part of the book: embarrassing for those who talk easily of religion without having felt the extremity of its demands, for the religious who are forced to face the banality of their half-faith, and (to Gilman's credit) for the intellectuals whose Catholicism fails to confront the Catholic Church as it is. As he describes it: "Banality everywhere, bad taste raised to a principle, to a credo: A God of bad taste? Was it possible?" His honesty about confession ("that ear on the other side of the grillwork") is complemented by his outsider's eye for the faces of communicants treading warily down the aisle. But at the same time, his convert's concern for doctrine can justify all this by the way in which Catholicism "continually sank the realm of values back into the living bodies and textures of the world." It is a mixture of perspectives that provides genuine understanding of the workings of Catholicism.

And yet Gilman's is a Catholicism now oddly outdated—and not simply in its evocation of a certain era of Catholic intellectuals in New York huddled around *Jubilee* and *Commonweal*. Rather it is Gilman's devotion to the saints, to Mary, to an insistence on confession before communion, to fish on Fridays, that awkwardly confronts the modern reader. It is revealing that it is precisely these dated rituals (now largely abandoned by the modern Church in favor of charismatic community) that survive most tenaciously in Gilman's spiritual journey. Some of the old Catholicism comes in for criticism, most especially in the appalling insensitivity of some priests Gilman meets on the way. But hidden within the book, in its demand for mystery, its implicit testimony to traditional devotional practices and to the intellectual vigor of a Catholicism sometimes impervious to the modern world, is a subtle indictment of many of the developments

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of the Church since the Second Vatican Council.

Given all this—the conventionality, the intensity, the intellectual grasp of Gilman's faith—the reason for Gilman's "lapse" is an intriguing one. For Gilman, as for many modern Catholics, lust is the irresistible sin. Emanating from the unconscious, suggesting a sublimity rivaled only by religion, lust becomes an obsession. Gilman argues that "in the crucial area, where sin was most likely to occur for me, I was nearly unarmed." Reason and goodwill were not enough, and grace refused to help. This he calls the central reason for the falling away, despite the fact that ambition, pride, and worldliness are all just as strongly present in his period of spiritual aridity. But for all that, the sexual sin remains supremely important, because of its "sense of sad, ecstatic mortality," its distillation of the human pull from God to man, but most importantly, its unanswerability.

This last point is perhaps the most arresting of Gilman's continual questions. It is certainly the point that will speak most directly to Catholics. The concern with sexual sin springs partly from its explicitness. It is difficult to confess directly a "condition of lust" in the same way, for example, as a condition of pride. Lust has clearer moments of temptation, cutting through the equivocation of the moral life to force clear decisions. Gilman's convert's perfectionism cannot compromise without abandoning the romanticism of the newfound faith.

BUT THERE is an added assumption in Gilman's account, about the touchstone of sexual desire and its connection with the possibility of human fulfillment, that owes much more to Freud than to Catholicism. Gilman is given easily to Freudian analysis, without ever wrestling with the central intellectual problem that there is a contradiction between the doctrines of Catholicism and the assumptions of psychoanalysis. Whether the human soul is liberated through Christ or through sexual release—and whether that is a dilemma only fully felt by the saint—is a question deeply pertinent to the crisis of faith among many contemporary Catholics. The greatest missed opportunity of Gilman's book is that it merely poses the question, merely describes the symptoms, without struggling for an intellectual resolution. And the book's failure on this level may have much to say about the reasons for Gilman's confessed spiritual failure—that it may have had to do with a battle more in the mind than in the soul.

Finally, one is left with the lingering suspicion that Gilman's search for religious mystery has an element of self-deception within it. Much of his attraction to Catholicism is to its asceticism. He is particularly taken by the Merton circle, by the intellectual frisson of Greene and Mauriac. The fact that he chose Thomas More and Joan of Arc as his patron saints is revealing. Gilman is not seeking religion, that humdrum habit of moral failure, mitigated by glimpses of grace and sacramental comforts. He is seeking sanctity, only partly reflected in his attraction to the oblivion of orgasm. The mystery of the title refers less to the conventional mystery of Catholicism—of the doctrine of the Incarnation or the Immaculate Conception—and more to a mysticism only captured, fleetingly, in Catholic teaching, by the more ascetic of the saints. In this sense, Gilman's loss of faith occurred quite early, when he decided in his heart of hearts against monasticism. From then on, he demanded from everyday Catholicism the experience of the saint. It is hardly surprising that he did not find it.

What his book amounts to, then, is less a memoir than a prayer. Gilman yearns for the sort of mystery that for a long time he sensed he could not bear. Sex became a way of approximating it—judging from his conclusion, a somewhat lame way. The implication is that, outside of sex, there are few avenues of transcendence for the spiritually mediocre. And this perhaps is the final embarrassment of the book: it is difficult to read it without a pang of recognition.

ANDREW SULLIVAN

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WINNIE, VIDI, VICI

Winston S. Churchill: Road to Victory 1941-1945 by Martin Gilbert

(Houghton Mifflin, 1,417 pp., $40)

"Immediately he heard of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor on 7 December 1941, Churchill made plans to travel to Washington to see President Roosevelt. His intention was to leave London on December 10, embarking at the Clyde on the following morning. The fullest cypher staff should be taken . . . ." In these flat, factual tones Martin Gilbert begins the seventh volume of his gigantic biography of Winston Churchill. When the reader finally puts down this tome—perhaps one million words later—the account will have rolled forward another three-and-a-half years, to the celebrations of V-E Day on May 8, 1945. Week by week, frequently hour by hour, the story of Churchill's activities is unfolded, to the satisfaction (surely) of even the most intense devotees of the great man's life. Indeed, so full and overwhelming is the detail that after a lengthy period of reading, it is difficult to avoid feeling that one has become an intimate member of Churchill's staff, observing everything from his morning bath to his past-midnight conversations.

The most obvious features of *Road to Victory*, its enormous size and its inordinate, painstaking detail, point simultaneously to the book's strengths and to its weaknesses. On one's first encounter with the text, it is the many great virtues that strike the eye, and that allow the professional historian to join with the common admirer of Churchill in applauding this publication. Its narrative can be strongly recommended for the long winter nights ahead. It contains a staggering amount of historical material, not only from Churchill's own papers but also—and very significantly—from the recently released "Enigma" decrypts, which allow us to see what information from *enemy* sources the prime minister and his advisers possessed as they evolved their wartime strategies. This volume and the preceding one (*Finest Hour*, covering 1939-41), taken together with the official *Grand Strategy* series, the F. H. Hinsley-edited *British Intelligence in the Second World War*, and several other

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important works, give us an extremely good picture of the workings of the British "official mind" throughout this epic conflict. Individual aspects may require further investigation, but the broad picture is now very clear.

Gilbert's new book is also admirable in giving us a compelling portrait of Churchill the man. Not only has Gilbert allowed his subject to "speak for himself" by reproducing innumerable extracts from the prime minister's personal letters, office minutes, and secret speeches; he has also blended them with the memories and anecdotes of Churchill's very extensive entourage. Most of these people appear to have had the time, despite the immense demands that Churchill placed upon them, to keep a diary, and to record in it the day's more amusing and spectacular events. It is impossible to read very far into this book without falling for the great man's charm, his wit, his many acts of kindness, and his sense of fairness and honor. Nor is it possible not to marvel at the unflagging enthusiasm with which he bore stupendous burdens year after year, despite bouts of poor health. It is now evident that British grand strategy in the Second World War "worked" in large part because Churchill and his chiefs of staff spent 16, and often 20, hours a day making it work.

WHAT THIS biography is not very good at doing, alas, is helping the reader to understand what was going on during the war outside Churchill's own circle. This is because Gilbert's "scissors-and-paste" method of composition, linking an extraordinary number of quotations with a straightforward narrative of the prime minister's daily activities, is very firmly in the History as Facts school. There is no attempt here at a critical biography—that is, one that would give us the author's own views of Churchill's significance and of his historical role. Worse, very little effort is made even to explain why things worked out as they did. Battles are won. Territories are lost. Political developments occur. But they are almost always presented as plain facts, without the reader being given any sense of why they should have turned out that way, without any analysis of the larger and more impersonal forces at work.

On the domestic front, for example, there are many references to (and strong remarks by Churchill about) discontent in the House of Commons and to the occasional efforts to pass a vote of censure on his leadership. But the reader will have to go elsewhere (say, to Paul Addison's *The Road to 1945*) to discover what was actually happening in British party politics at that time. Economically, the war resulted in a great erosion of British power, which was the basic reason why England lost its ability to match the United States or the Soviet Union. But again, one searches in vain for any background analysis of finance, of the labor pool, of the balance of payments. The Allied bombing offensive against Germany—toward which Churchill devoted so much attention—was finally won early in 1944, but Gilbert makes no mention of the Mustang fighter that made that possible. In the North African campaign, Churchill was all too frequently shocked by Rommel's ability to defeat far larger British Empire forces, but the explanation of this critical problem is not given even a paragraph (unlike, for example, the matter of the defeat of the U-boats in 1943, which Gilbert does explain). And there is Churchill's understandably shocked response to the news of what was happening in the death camp at Auschwitz, but not even a brief discussion of overall Allied policy toward the Jews, on which Gilbert himself is one of the world's foremost experts.

This richness of facts and dearth of analysis is the more marked in those two areas that the prime minister considered of greatest importance: Anglo-American relations and Anglo-Soviet relations. The recent publication of Warren Kimball's three-volume edition of the Churchill-Roosevelt correspondence, not to mention the prime minister's own account in his *History of the Second World War*, already provided us with lots of detail on how the "special relationship" between Britain and the United States was viewed by Churchill. Now we have more. Again and again, one sees the extent to which he was emotionally attached to the idea of the "English-speaking peoples," even as he resisted Washington's efforts to redefine that relationship along narrower and more utilitarian lines.

What we do not have, however, is an examination of the context within which that many-sided relationship evolved or an assessment of Churchill's historical contribution to it. This was, after all, a period of fundamental disagreement between the two powers over the future of the British colonial empire, especially in India and the Far East. It was a time when the United States was eroding Britain's share of influence in the oil-rich territories of the Middle East. Even more importantly, these years of the "Grand Alliance" witnessed the evolution of American ideas for a postwar international economic order that, while benefiting American interests, would mean the undermining of the Sterling Block, the end of exchange controls, and the abolition of the "imperial preference" tariff system that had been established at the Ottawa Conference of 1932. Not surprisingly, the British contested many of these proposals. They resented the American attempts to use the instrument of lend-lease to pressure them into agreement. It was hardly the case, of course, that Churchill was ignorant of these tensions and rivalries. But the strictly episodic manner in which this book covers the prime minister's indignant reactions to the latest American proposals does not really help the reader understand the positions of the two powers on these critical matters.

This is also true of the book's lengthy coverage of a topic that always commanded Churchill's attention: the Anglo-American strategic quarrel during the years 1942-44 over the opening of a "Second Front" in Western Europe. Such a front was much favored by Roosevelt, Marshall, and their planners, but it was repeatedly blocked by the British, who instead urged the merits of operations in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, and even the Balkans. Gilbert's volume is extremely

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thorough in reprinting extracts from official British documents, and from the prime minister's own letters and telegrams. But the author declines to offer any overall view for the reader's benefit, despite the fact that it is now clear that the American pressure to invade France in either 1942 or 1943 was fatuous in the extreme. The Battle of the Atlantic had not been won; the air war over Europe had not been won; there was an insufficient number of landing craft; the problem of creating an artificial harbor had not been solved; and neither the British nor (especially) the American divisions were trained to handle the explosive warfare techniques of the Wehrmacht. Had the American position been accepted, the result would have been disaster. Why not make that plain? It would also have been appropriate to expose the often exaggerated optimism that pervaded Churchill's own views about striking at the so-called "soft underbelly" of the Axis.

One gains rather more understanding of the changing state of Anglo-Russian relations during these wartime years, not because Gilbert analyzes them but because Churchill himself was increasingly forced to describe and to defend the British government's position in the face of Russia's demands for "security" in Eastern Europe. Despite the book's encyclopedic coverage of all the aspects of the war that attracted Churchill's attention, its latter half becomes more and more overshadowed by the prospects of a future clash with the Soviet Union. Churchill repeatedly agonized about a grim future in which the German menace would merely be replaced by the threat of a powerful Russia. He was desperate to avoid such a confrontation, and was sympathetic to the hardships that Russia was enduring. But he was also committed in honor to the Poles, and anxious to safeguard *their* security after the war. He was conscious of Conservative backbench disapproval if he made too many concessions to Moscow and of Labour criticism if he appeared anti-Soviet. And he was conscious, perhaps above all, of Britain's incapacity to oppose Russian pressures unless American help was forthcoming. In the circumstances of the time, it is difficult to see how the prime minister could have avoided the compromises made at Yalta. Still, since the West's concessions there were roundly criticized after 1945—a criticism that has been revived more recently, especially by the American right—it surely would not have been amiss for Gilbert to have given us his own judgment on such an important issue. Here, as elsewhere, the reader is left to judge for himself—and to find out for himself, since there are very few references in the footnotes to the appropriate secondary literature.

This is not a plea for a totally different sort of book. When we possess the final volume of this biography—which Gilbert is working on now and which will cover Churchill's career from 1945 until his death in 1965—there will be an opportunity, and all the material needed, for a bold historian to attempt a critical, probing, dispassionate, reflective analysis of Churchill's place in British history, as well as in the history of the empire, of Anglo-American relations, of the cold war, and so on. That is not Gilbert's chosen task in his many volumes, nor should it be. But the great biographies are both descriptive *and* analytical, evocative *and* critical. *Road to Victory* is superb at the first level and worth acquiring for that reason alone. At the deeper level, however, it sometimes comes dangerously close to providing proof for the withering charge that history is merely "one damned thing after another."

PAUL KENNEDY

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THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

Tokyo: Form and Spirit
edited by Mildred Friedman

(Walker Art Center/Abrams, 256 pp., 160 illustrations, 120 full-color plates, $40)

Few cities have undergone as wrenching a series of changes as those that transformed traditional Edo into modern Tokyo. When Tokugawa Ieyasu, who would become Edo's first shogun, arrived in Edo in 1590, it was a marshy fishing village with a ruined castle. By the 18th century Edo was one of the largest cities in the world. After the 1868 Meiji restoration, when the shogun was deposed, the emperor, who had resided in Kyoto, was moved into the old shogun's palace and Edo was renamed Tokyo, or "Eastern capital." The city became the focus of Japan's struggle to Westernize.

Tokyo's subsequent transformation was hastened by numerous fires, above all by the great Kanto earthquake and fire of 1923 that completely devastated the city. This disaster was a watershed, marking in popular memory the end of the Taisho period (1912-25), a great era of experimentation during which Western-style dress and social forms spread to a much wider class of people, even to working-class women. The end of the Taisho period also saw an increase in nationalism and militarist extremism, which culminated in World War II. Toward the end of the war Tokyo was firebombed to cinders. After the war, Tokyo was the city most affected by the Allied occupation, and most rapidly Americanized. It benefited most—and suffered most—from Japan's subsequent modernization, which transformed whole quarters of the city into a vast futuristic spectacle.

The rapidity, violence, and excitement of the city's metamorphosis were so overwhelming that the search for tangible remains of old Edo has become an almost archeological endeavor. At the center of Edo's great spiral of moats and canals (which have since been filled in for boulevards or covered by expressways) were the formal halls of the shogun's palace, as well as the *O-oku*, the "great inner quarters" inhabited during much of the period by the shogun's hundreds of concubines. Today this space is occupied by the more serene quarters of the emperor, which, at least before the war, had official status as a kind of Shinto holy-of-holies. (Visitors are normally not allowed inside the greater part of its vast grounds, and surrounding office buildings are restricted to a seemly height.) As Roland Barthes writes in *Empire of Signs*:

> [Tokyo] does possess a center, but this center is empty. The entire city turns around a site both forbidden and indifferent, a residence concealed beneath foliage, protected by moats, inhabited by an emperor who is never seen, which is to say, by no one knows who.

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Hence the *Nihonjin-ron*, the public debate about what it means to be Japanese, which has produced shelves of books by Japanese and foreign "experts" alike. This Japanese obsession with self-definition is matched by anxiety over how they are seen by others. A television commercial for Japan's Overseas Telephone System presents "Japan as viewed from abroad": In pre-war movie black-and-white, rows of dour young men sit in a tatami mat "office," arrayed against a low-slung Japanese table, typing at portable word processors. An overseer patrols the aisles with an oversized *kyasaku*, the stick used to keep Zen acolytes awake during meditation. A secretary brings the boss his tea, sporting a caricature of a headdress traditionally reserved for an elegant Yoshiwara prostitute. That night, husband and wife bow to each other before connubial futon, and then turn to watch their TV. . . . The announcer concludes that "we must work harder to educate the world about ourselves and our way of life." The artists participating in "Tokyo: Form and Spirit," an exhibition that opened last April at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis and is currently at the IBM Gallery of Science and Art in New York City through February 7, have been assigned precisely this task, a difficult one because the Japanese have such problems with self-definition.

THE COMMERCIALS featured in the exhibition were compiled by the talented graphic designer Eiko Ishioka and incorporated into a "Performing space" designed by Arata Isozaki. Their joint creation is one of seven full-scale "environments" devised by Japan's leading architects and designers for this ambitious show. Using scrim, acrylic, video screens, and other high-tech materials, these artists have created visions of Tokyo around themes from daily life, such as "Walking," "Living," "Working," and "Playing." Each space in the exhibit is paired with a room full of traditional art and artifacts—thus separating clearly traditional Edo from modern Tokyo. The visitor is left to judge to what extent old and new are informed by a similar aesthetic or spirit. The accompanying catalog provides much-needed commentary on the exhibit's themes, as well as valuable background on Tokyo's history, "spirit," and architecture. Its diverse and perceptive essays, presented in a visually striking format, form an intriguing collage that comes closer to capturing what Japan and its capital city are about than any of a spate of recent popular books, with their clichés and formulaic approaches to the Japanese miracle/menace.

Fumihiko Maki would certainly accept the role of cultural spokesman grudgingly—he has publicly stressed several times that he is an international, not a Japanese, architect—and yet his work in the exhibition, a series of symbolic columns, is on the difficult theme "Tokyo Spirit." One column represents the city's chaos and confusion. Tokyo's uncertain future is suggested by a dim outline of a column on the wall. But prominence of place is given to a column shaped like a long flight of steps scaling a mountain. This column, the "capital" of which is a small, wooden Shinto shrine, is entitled *Oku*—a term meaning "deepest recess," where the spirit deity resides, but which Maki chooses to translate as "the emptiness at the core."

In the most typical shrine, the god's (rather vague) presence is represented by a mirror. A mirror is a kind of nullity that only reflects what has been shined into it. Arata Isozaki's "Performing space" is modeled on a traditional *kagura* or "god-entertainment" stage. This is built immediately in front of a Shinto shrine, so that the god may watch and be amused by the performance. In Isozaki's thoroughly modern version, the shrine is an imposing black cubicle, the sacredness of which is delineated by a fat sacred rope, and the god-mirror has been replaced by a stack of televisions (an even greater nullity). Are these artists trying to tell us that just as Tokyo has no physical center, no *agora*, there is also nothing at the core of Tokyo's spirit? Yuichiro Kojiro, in his essay in the catalog, has the most compelling answer: that spirit and form can't be separated. If when we look for spirit we are looking for some, perhaps secular, analog of the Christian soul, then we will only draw a blank. Instead we must look where the exhibition looks—at work, play, living, and so forth.

The essays on "Work" and on "Walking" are written by two perceptive interpreters of Japanese popular culture, Ian Buruma and Donald Richie. Buruma stresses the formal side of Tokyo's character, while Richie emphasizes its eclectic, generative side. Buruma's earlier book, *Behind the Mask*, explores the myths of Japan's popular culture, but here, in "Work as a Form of Beauty," he takes on Japan's work ethic, or, as he might put it, its "work aesthetic." He admires the fun and fanfare attached to work, as for example in the *dezomeshiki*, the festival of Tokyo's firemen, who still perform the same acrobatic antics with ladders and buckets that they used to fight the "flowers of Edo," as the city's fires were called, in preceding centuries. Ritual is thus the source of excitement and of a certain kind of satisfaction. (Just watch a sushi chef.) And as Buruma rightly notes, this celebration of the everyday is something we could use more of in the United States:

> In places where everyone wants to be a star, but mediocrity necessarily prevails [i.e. Europe and America], there is a disturbing lack of pride in an ordinary job well done. . . . To see a shop girl wrap a package or a factoryworker assemble a bike is to see routine work developed to a fine art. This . . . may be Japan's greatest tradition.

The problem, as Buruma is quick to point out, is that a preoccupation with

INTO HAPPINESS

Just last week I was bent with sickness.
It's the flu, I told myself, meaning

it would go away as quickly as it came.
Meaning I'd live. And I did.

Just last week the winter was relentless.
Now, in the gutter right next to my feet,

rivulets of thaw scrawl in the gray silt.
I don't understand how it comes to this—

shaded drifts gutted by wind, snow retreating,
blackening into mud, the bright light dazzling us

into happiness—how this is all a healing.
Just last week my body burned like a useless fire.

Someone says, How are you? I say, Fine.
And my body hardly recalls its pain.

It's over, one of us says, meaning winter.
When just last week there was no trickling of water

to leave its scars or scribblings
on the exposed earth, to touch us with its damage.

ERIC PANKEY

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form, whether or not it is aesthetically motivated, can become ludicrously, mechanically, oppressive.

Richie is probably best known for his semifictional travelogue *The Inland Sea*, although he is also a leading authority on Japanese film and one of the first to critique Japanese popular culture insightfully. Richie stresses the warm, eclectic side of Tokyo as he sets out to explore what Barthes calls the "lively writing of the street." Unlike work, where authority and responsibility dictate formality, the street is "nobody's responsibility" and is thus free from most zoning laws, free in fact from any sort of prescriptive form. The result is "a glorious architectural confusion of Corinthian columns and chromium pylons, dormer windows and curved escalators, half-timber, plain red brick, sheet steel, textured lucite." Especially striking is the fantasy architecture of Tokyo's neon-studded pinball parlors and stucco-replica "love hotels" (motel-palaces dedicated to the quickie). Despite its Western face, however, the eclecticism of Tokyo is nothing new: it stems in spirit, if not in form, from native Edo traditions. The exhibition's collection of *kamban* (traditional signs)—a huge pipe for a tobacco store, a painter's palette for a paint store—is as diverting as imitations of Las Vegas. Edo-period stroll gardens, such as Edo's Koraku-en, are microworlds as fully fantastic as the branch of the magic kingdom outside Tokyo. But the masterpiece is modern Tokyo. Richie asks, "Why, one wonders, did the Japanese bother to franchise a Disneyland in their suburbs, when the capital itself is so superior a version?"

In the "Living" section of the exhibition is a Japanese tearoom, with the traditional arrangement of four-and-a-half tatami mats in front of a decorative alcove. The tea arbor, constructed entirely of natural materials (gnarled wooden posts, wattled walls), is purposely asymmetrical and achieves remarkable purity of form. Tadao Ando's updated "Living space," a collaboration with Shiro Kuramata that also achieves an exquisite formality, stands next to the tearoom and refers to it. Its materials, however, are cold and artificial: cracked glass is substituted for the traditional weave of rushes as a sort of tatami mat; wooden posts and lintels become chromium; and split-bamboo blinds, used to shade Japanese houses open to the breezes in summer, are in Ando's version fashioned with some weird translucent polymer. The spray of flowers that traditionally refreshes the tea arbor has, in Ando and Kuramata's version, been embalmed in a hologram. The juxtaposition of high-tech materials and strict formality leaves the visitor uneasy; the effect is beautiful, but Orwellian. And Hiroshi Hara's "Working space," a gorgeous, shimmering collection of transistorized workers, is even more unsettling.

If for some Japan represents the future, and Tokyo the future of Japan, then what of the future of Tokyo? Yuichiro Kojiro sees two strains in Japanese culture: the generative, maternal, eclectic ideal of the Edo commoner and the formal, exclusionary, martial ideal of the samurai. The experimentalism of late Meiji and Taisho, and the repressiveness of Japan in the '30s and '40s, provide evidence of the pendulum swing of Japanese history. However ominous this may seem, Kojiro is optimistic about the future: "Now that the post-World War II period of single-minded modernization is over, the matriarchal, provincial *katagi* [the unity of form and spirit] of Edo and early Tokyo seems to be stirring again." Others are not so sanguine. Tadanori Yokoo's ceramic tableau of future Tokyo shows a pop *raigo*, a mandala of the Buddha Amida, descending to greet the faithful and welcome them into his PARADISE (written in large red letters, in case anyone misses the point). The problem is that the vision of Tokyo upon which Amida is descending seems to be exploding.

NICK PALEVSKY

Nick Palevsky is the author, with June Kinoshita, of *A Complete Guide to Japan*, to be published by Knopf next year.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 2*

new services. Without attractive services, the public will not invest in terminals. Only the French have had the will (and the taxpayers' money) to solve this problem.

EDWARD GOLDSTEIN
Cambridge, Massachusetts

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TRB, *from page 4*

The more apocalyptic version of nuclear winter has become a part of the anti-weapons dogma of the 1980s. As a result, some people may be reluctant to let it go. Others will delight in its agonies. For example, Russell Seitz, a conservative critic writing in the *National Interest*, sees something like collusion in the nuclear freezers' promotion of this theory and some scientists' attempts to keep it alive. He claims it was created by the "psychological strategists of the peace movement" in 1982 to give the torpid populace a jolt. Seitz also blames it for promoting a panic among America's allies in the South Pacific, leading to attempts in Australia and New Zealand to banish U.S. nuclear ships from their ports. Sagan and co-authors label the Seitz article "ranting."

Although Schneider's milder scenario has more credibility today, the technical argument has a long way to run. This is because the Pentagon has been cajoled into taking nuclear winter seriously. The Defense and Energy Departments have increased research on nuclear winter from around $300,000 a few years ago to around $5.5 million now. It is embedded in the budget. The amount is nothing like the $5 billion spent on the other millennial fancy of the 1980s, "Star Wars," and not enough—the vested researchers say—to provide definitive answers to the questions Sagan has raised.

But even without definitive answers, it may be time to say goodbye to nuclear winter as a policy issue. If Schneider and Thompson are right, and atmospheric scientists seem to think they are, the climatic impact is just one of a dozen "secondary effects" of nuclear war that would make life hardly worth living. The main policy debate will continue to focus on the "primary" effect: the use of weapons. In this sense, nuclear winter was a diversion, providing little insight on *how* to cooperate on arms reductions, an area rife with distrust.

The freeze movement may have gained a tactical victory through the promotion of nuclear winter. It helped get attention. But the advantage appears to have been short-lived. Now, as the computer termites gnaw at the data, the structure creaks and totters. Soon it may be gone. Perhaps if we are lucky, 1987 will bring the final debunking of two great science fictions of the Reagan era: nuclear winter and Star Wars.

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NEW YORK DIARIST

Shawnzapoppin

THE NEWS THAT the departure of William Shawn as editor of the *New Yorker* may have been linked to the Iran arms deal has come as a surprise to many observers. "We have known for some time that certain middlebrow elements in the Iranian government felt that *New Yorker* articles have been getting too long," explained an administration official. "It was simply a matter of setting up a meeting between [*New Yorker* owner S. I.] Newhouse and people from the NSC. At no time was any pressure exerted on Newhouse. This was something he had been planning to do anyway." But State Department officials disputed this version of events. "There never was any middlebrow element in Iran," said one. "*Reader's Digest* would be a strain for most of those guys. This was a straight Shawn-for-hostages deal." Congressional reaction was mixed. "Mr. Shawn was a brilliant editor," explained a House Republican, "but the articles were getting too long, and he had to go. If we could get a hostage or two released in the process, why shouldn't we?" Democrats were more skeptical. "The arms to the Ayatollah/Gottlieb to the *New Yorker* deal represents an intrusion of literary politics into the foreign policy arena in a way that cannot be tolerated in a democracy," said one senator. "This was not an operation some NSC staffer should have been flying solo on." At the White House, officials stressed that President Reagan remained unaware that any deal was in the works. "He hasn't read the *New Yorker* for years," said a spokesman, "though he was shown a summary of E. J. Kahn's piece on the history of rice, which he took with him to the ranch. He thought the articles were too long back when Ross was the editor."

THERE WAS NOTHING scandalous about the selection of David Lynch by the National Society of Film Critics as best director of 1986 for *Blue Velvet*. Most people who saw the movie found it either very horrific or very funny. Each response is half right, since the film is a kind of nightmare version of a teenager's first encounter with adult sexuality, which is usually horrific at the time and funny in retrospect. The way to watch the movie is to keep in the back of your mind the interminable series of teenage sex comedies that have poured out of Hollywood during the last ten years. These films, which surely constitute one of the most insipid genres in the history of cinema, all feature some rendition of the following scenario: slightly nerdy high school lad (but in the way Warren Beatty was probably slightly nerdy when he was a high school lad) seeks romance; mistakes promiscuous cheerleader type for appropriate love object; gets rebuffed but is initiated into sex by experienced older woman (sometimes a prostitute, Hollywood's idea of a career woman—they're always well-dressed, they enjoy their work, and they have no time for extracurricular relationships); and discovers, after many misadventures, true love with the girl next door. And there is usually a threatening older male figure in the picture—sometimes Dad, sometimes a pimp—who needs to be defeated for the hero to reach the safe plateau of high domesticity. Lynch follows this formula pretty much in each of its details, but he heightens his effects melodramatically by the simple device of rendering the whole experience from the point of view of the teenager. The older woman is exotic (in a tacky way) but her body looks used; the threatening male is a psychotic with a fetish for velvet bathrobes; the girl next door is so sweetly and completely ordinary that she becomes mysterious—which is the way girls next door are supposed to be. And the bourgeois paradise achieved by the hero upon his triumph over this libidinal cartoon world has just the right quality of sappiness and pathos. Lynch's earlier work—*Eraserhead*, *The Elephant Man*, *Dune*—strained at idiosyncrasy. *Blue Velvet* is the best kind of genre picture—the kind that is suspicious of the genre it belongs to.

THIS IS A HINT to Woody Allen, whose hymn to gentrification, *Hannah and Her Sisters*, took (unsurprisingly) the New York Film Critics' Circle prize for best film. He needs to make a movie for people suspicious of Woody Allen movies. (The forthcoming *Radio Days*, featuring the usual Allen repertory company, scarcely seems the kind of thing I have in mind.) The publication this month of the screenplay of *Hannah*, in which the stuttery, clucky dialogue that is the Allen trademark is reproduced down to the last stutter and cluck, will not help this effort at self-transformation. The book is a little icon of urban upper-middle-class self-satisfaction. The worst part of it is that Allen's identification with contemporary Manhattan is starting to rub off on Manhattan's self-image: people there are beginning to imagine their lives as though they were Mia Farrow's. Allen needs to take his act on the road.

THE ARGUMENT ABOUT whether New York City should host a parade for the Super Bowl champion Giants, who use New York in their name but pay taxes to the state of New Jersey, points up the inherent paradox of professional sports teams: they are identified with the town whose name their players wear on their uniforms in spite of the fact that there is nothing remotely local about the players, who are the true *déracinés* of modern life, and rarely anything local about the owners, who are prepared to move their franchises to Phoenix at the drop of a tax abatement. The paradox seems important because it is sometimes supposed that the function of professional sports teams is to promote civic pride. But the theory is anachronistic. The reason professional sports exists is so that we may learn the art of self-congratulation. The New York Giants demonstrated, during the Super Bowl, a number of fresh refinements on conventional practices in this area. Some looked quite dangerous: I was certain at one point that Lawrence Taylor would injure himself while celebrating his own accomplishments. And there are no words for the achievements of Phil McConkey in this field. Having become so articulate about success, though, it might be a good idea if athletes developed some ritual displays of self-mortification, lest we find ourselves mute in the face of defeat. Sports might then become a kind of expressionist's palette of the simple emotions, and each game a dramatization of strong feeling displayed in the spirit of "purposeless purposiveness" that is central to Kant's definition of the work of art. On second thought, never mind.

L. M.

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